

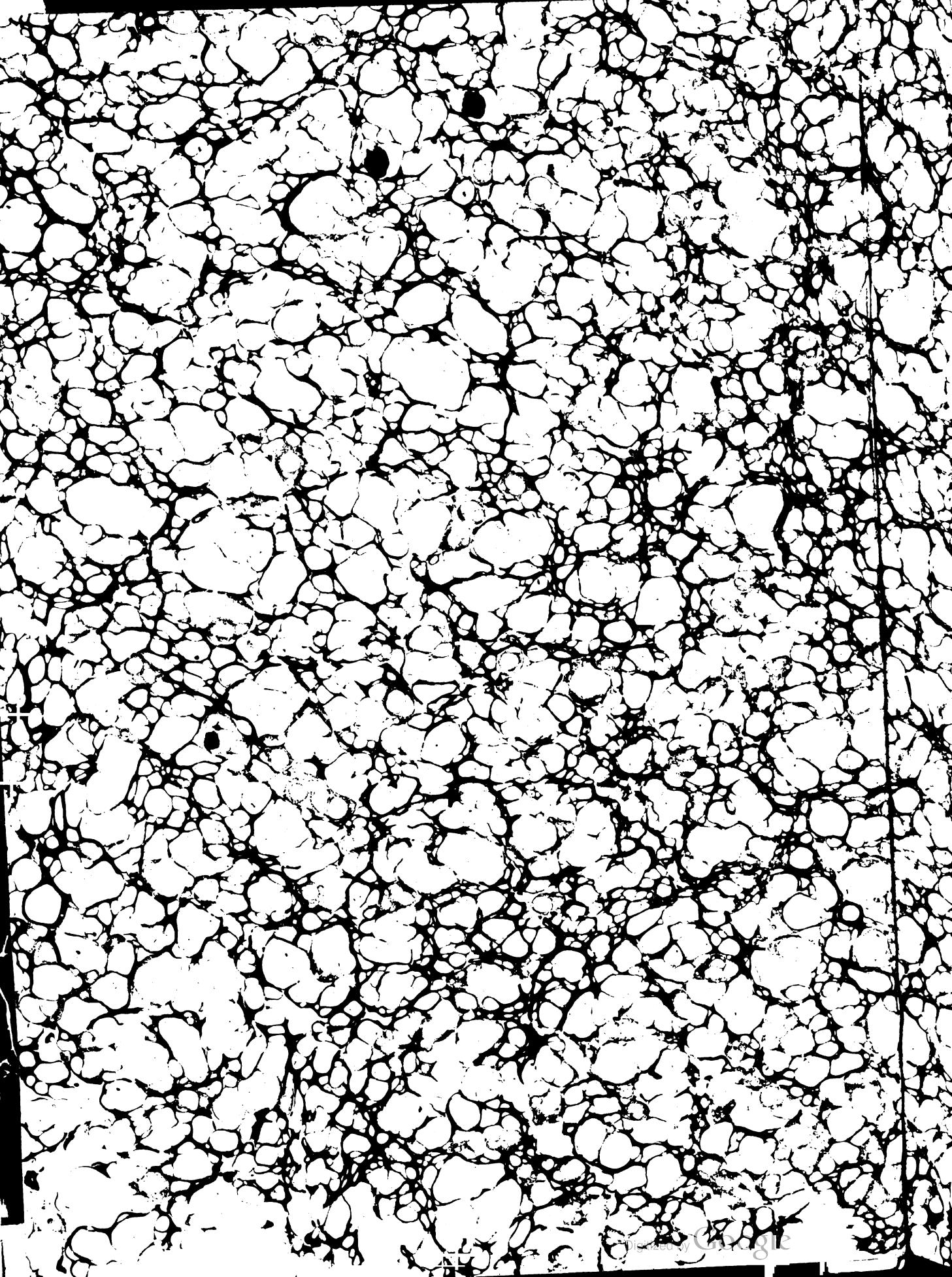
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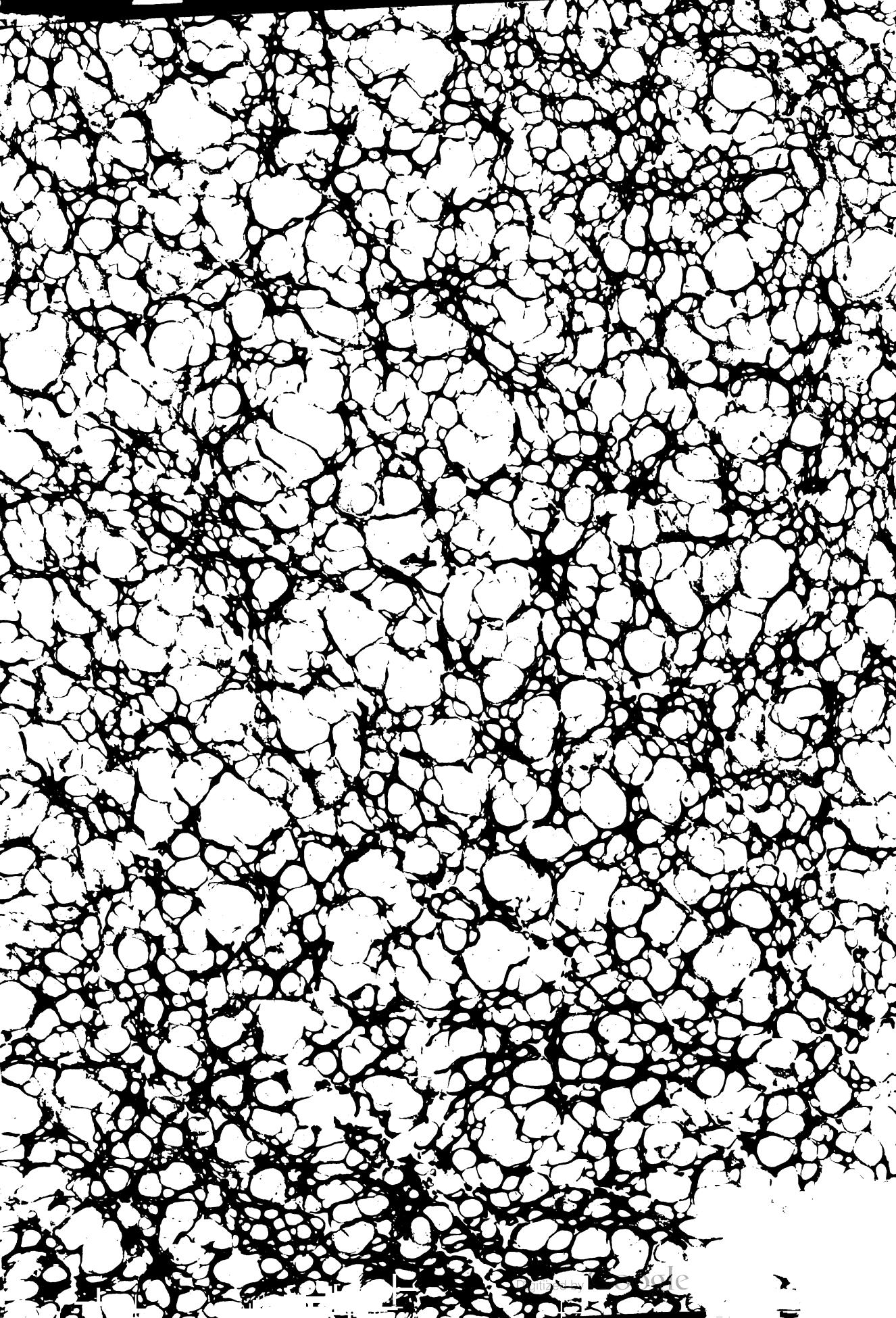
KAIS. KÖN. HOF BIBLIOTHEK

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THE DIUELL
IS
AN ASSE:

A COMEDIE
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1616.

BY HIS MAIESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author BEN: JONSON.

HOR. de ART. POET.
Festæ voluptris Causæ, sunt proxima veris.



LONDON,
Printed by J. B. for ROBERT ALLOT, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in Pauls
Church-yard. 1631.



THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

SATAN.
SPV G.

INIQUITY.

FITZ-DOTTRELL.

Mistresse FRANCES.

MEERE-CRAFT.

EVERILL.

WITTIOL.

MANLY.

INGINE.

TRAINES.

GVILT-HEAD.

PLVTARCHVS.

SirPOVLE EITHER-SIDE.

Lady EITHER-SIDE.

Lady TAILE-BVSH.

PIT-FALL.

AMBLER.

SLEDGE.

SHACKLES.

The great duell.

The leffe duell.

The Vice.

A Squire of Norfolk.

His wife.

The Projector.

His champion.

A young Gallant.

His friend.

A Broaker.

The Projectors man.

A Gold-smith.

His sonne.

A Lawyer, and Justice.

His wife.

The Lady Projectesse.

Her woman.

Her Gentleman-servt.

A Smith, the constable.

Keeper of Newgate.

SERVANTS.

The Scene, LONDON.



The Prologue.



He D I V E L L is an A S S E . That is, to day,
The name of what you are met for, a new Play,
Yet Grandee's, would you were not come to grace
Our matter, with allowing vs no place.

I though you presume S A T A N a subtil thing,
And may haue heard bee's worne in a thumbbe-ring;
Doe not on these presumptions, force vs all,
Incompasse of a cheese-trencher. This trall
Will ne'er admie our vice, because of yours.
Anone, who, worse then you, the faule endures
That your selues make? when you will thrust and sparne,
And knocke vs o'the elbowes, and bid, turne;
As if, when wee bad spoke, wee must be gone,
Or, till wee speake, must all runne in, to one,
Like the young adders, at the old ones mouth?
Would wee could stand due North; or bad no South,
If that offend: or were Muscouy glasse,
That you mighte looke our Scenes through as they passe.
We know not how to affect you. If you'll come
To see new Playes, pray you affoird vs roome,
And shew this, but the same face you haue done
Your deare delight, the Diuell of Edmunton.
Or, if, for want of roome it must mi-carry,
Twill be but Instice, that your censure tarry,
Till you give some. And when sixe times you ha' seen's,
If this Play doe not like, the Diuell is in't.

THE



THE DIVELL IS AN ASSE.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

DIVELL. PVG. IN IQVITY.



Oh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, &c.
To earth? and why to earth, thou foolish Spirit?
What wold'st thou do on earth? PVG. For that, great
As time shal work, I do but ask my mon' th. (Chief)
Which every petty *pui' nee* *Divell* has;

Within that terne, the Couett of Hell will heare
Something, may gaine a longer grant, per haps.

SAT. For what? the laming a poore Cow, or two?
Entring a Sow, to make her cast her farrow?
Or croſſing of a Mercat. womanis Mare,
Twixt this and *Totnam*? these were went to be
Your maine atchieuements, PVG, you have ſome plot, now,
Vpon a tonning of Ale, to ſtale the yeſt,
Or keepe the churne ſo, that the butter come not;
Spight o' the housewivues cord, or her hot ſpit?
Or ſome good Ribibe, about Kentiſh Towne,
Or *Hogſden*, you would hang now, for a wiſch,
Beaſtſe ſhee will not let you play round *Robbin*:
And you'll goe ſowre the Cit tienſ Creame 'gainſt ſunday?
That ſhee may be accuſ'd for't, and condeſn'd,
By a *Middleſex* Iury, to the ſatisfaction
Of their offendēd friends, the *Londoners* wiues
Whose teeth were ſet on edge with it? Fooliſh feind,
Stay i' your place, know your owne ſtrengths, and put not
Beyond the ſpheare of your achiuity.

You are too dull a Divell to be trusted
 Forth in those parts, *Pug*, vpon any affayre
 That may concerne our name, on earth. It is not
 Euery ones worke. The state of *Hell* must care
 Whom it employes, in point of reputation,
 Heere about *London*. You would make, I thinke
 An Agent, to be sent, for *Lancashire*,
 Proper inough, or some parts of *Northumberland*,
 So yo' had good instructions, *Pug*. O *Chief*!
 You doe not know, deare *Chief*, what there is in mee.
 Proue me but for a fortnight, for a weeke,
 And lend mee but a *Vice*, to carry with mee,
 To practice there-with any play-fellow,
 And, you will see, there will come more vpon't,
 Then you'll imagine, precious *Chief*. SAT. What *Vice*?
 What kind wouldst th'have it of? Pvg. Why, any *Fraud*;
 Or *Couetousesse*; or *Lady Vanity*;
 Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.

INI. What is he, calls vpon me, and would come to lack a *Vice*?
 Ere his words be halfe spoken, I am with him in a trice;
 Here, there, and every where, as the Cat is with the mice:
 True *vetus Iniquitas*. Lack'it thou Cards, friend, or Dice?
 I will teach thee cheare, Child, to cog, lye, and swagger,
 And euer and anon, to be drawing forth thy dagger:
 To sweare by *Gogs-nownes*, like a lusty *luxentus*,
 In a cloake to thy heele, and a hat like a pent-house.
 Thy breeches of three fingeres, and thy doublet all belly,
 With a Wench that shall feede thee, with cock-stones and gelly.

Pvg. Is it not excellent, *Chief*? how nimble he is!
 INI. Child of hell, this is nothing! I will fetch thee a leape
 From the top of *Pauls*, *Ceeple*, to the *Standard* in *Cheape*:
 And lead thee a daunce, through the streets without faille,
 Like a needle of *Spaine*, with a thred at my tayle.
 We will suruay the *Suburbs*, and make forth our sallyes,
 Downe *Petticoate-lane*, and vp the *Smock-allies*,
 To *Sboreditch*, *Whitchappell*, and so to *Saint Kathernes*.
 To drinke with the *Duich* there, and take forth th'ir patternes:
 From thence, wee will put in at *Custome-house* key there,
 And see, how the *Factors*, and *Prentizes* play there,
 False with their *Masters*; and gueld many a full packe,
 To spend it in pies, at the *Dagger*, and the *Wool-sache*.

Pvg. Braue, braue, *Iniquity*! will not this doe, *Chief*?

INI. Nay, boy, I wil bring thee to the *Bawds*, and the *Roysters*,
 At *Belins-gate*, feasting with claret-wine, and oysters,
 From thence shoot the *Bridge*, childe, to the *Cranes* i' the *Vintry*,
 And see, there the *gimblers*, how they make their *entry*!
 Or, if thou hadst rather, to the *Strand* downe to fall,

'Gainst

'Gainst the Lawyers come dabled from *Westminster-hall*
 And marke how they cling, with their clyents together,
 Like Iuie to Oake ; so Velvet to Leather : (dotard,
 Ha, boy, I would shew thee. Pvg. Rare, rare ! Div. Peace,
 And thou more ignorant thing, that so admir'st.
 Art thou the spirit thou seem'st ? so poore ? to choofe
 This, for a *Vice*, t'aduance the caule of *Hell*,
 Now ? as Vice stands this present yeere ? Remember,
 What number it is. *Six hundred and sixteene.*
 Had it but beene *five hundred*, though some *sixty*
 Aboue ; that's *fiftie* yeeres agone, and *six*,
 (When every great man had his *Vice* stand by him,
 In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger)
 I could consent, that, then this your graue choice
 Might haue done that, with his Lord *Chief*, the which
 Most of his chamber can doe now. But *Png*,
 As the times are, who is it, will receiue you ?
 What company will you goe to ? or whom maix with ?
 Where canst thou carry him ? except to *Tauernes* ?
 To mount vp on a joyn-t-stoole, with a *lewes-trumpe*,
 To put downe *Cokeley*, and that must be to *Citizens* ?
 He ne're will be admitted, there, where *Venner* comes.
 Hee may perchance, in taile of a Sherifffes dinner,
 Skip with a rime o'the Table, from *New-nothing*,
 And take his *Almaine-leape* into a custard,
 Shall make my Lad *Maioresse*, and her sisters,
 Laugh all their hoods ouer their shoulders. But,
 This is not that will doe, they are other things
 That are receiu'd now vpon earth, for *Viccs* ;
 Stranger, and newer : and chang'd every houre.
 They ride 'hem like their horses off their legges,
 And here they come to *Hell*, whole legions of 'hem,
 Every weeke tyr'd. Wee, still striue to breed,
 And rearre 'hem vp new ones ; but they doe not stand,
 When they come there ; they turne 'hem on our hands.
 And it is fear'd they haue a stud o'their owne
 Will put downe ours. Both our breed, and trade
 Will suddenly decay, if we preuent not.
 Unlesse it be a *Vice* of quality,
 Or fashion, now, they take none from vs. Car-men
 Are got into the yellow starch, and Chimney-sweepers
 To their tabacco, and strong-waters, *Hum*,
Meath, and *Obarni*. Wee must therefore ayme
 At extraordinary subtil ones, now,
 When we doe send to keepe vs vp in credit.
 Not old *Iniquities*. Get you e'ne backe, Sir,
 To making of your rope of sand againe.

You

You are not for the manners, nor the times :
 They haue their *Vices*, there, most like to *Vertues* ;
 You cannott know 'hem, apart, by any difference :
 They weare the same clothes, eate the same meate,
 Sleepe i'the selfe-same beds, ride i'those coaches.
 Or very like, soure horses in a coach,
 As the best men and women. Tissue gownes,
 Garters and roses, fourscore pound a paire,
 Embroydred stockings, cut-worke smocks, and shirts,
 More certaine marks of lechery, now, and pride,
 Then ere they were of true nobility !
 But *Pug*, since you doe burne with such desire
 To doe the Common-wealth of Hell some seruice ;
 I am content, assuming of a body,
 You goe to earth, and visit men, a day.
 But you must take a body ready made, *Pug*,
 I can create you none : nor shall you forme
 Your selfe an aery one, but become subiect
 To all impression of the flesh, you take,
 So farre as humane frailty. So, this morning,
 There is a handsome Cutpurse hang'd at *Tiborne*,
 Whose spirit departed, you may enter his body :
 For clothes imploy your credit, with the Hangman,
 Or let our tribe of Brokers furnish you.
 And, looke, how farre your subtily can worke
 Thorow those organs, with that body, spye
 Amongst mankind, (you cannot thore want vices,
 And therefore the leſſe need to carry 'hem wi' you)
 But as you make your ſoone at nights relation,
 And we ſhall find, it merits from the State,
 You ſhall haue both truft from vs, and imployment.

Pvg. Most gracious Chiefe ! *Div.* Ouely, thus more I bind
 To ſerue the firſt man that you meete; and him (you,
 I'le ſhew you, now : Obſerue him. Yen' is hee,
 You ſhall ſee, firſt, after your cloathing. Follow him
 But once engag'd, there you muſt ſtay and fixe ;
 Not ſhift, vntill the midnights coſke doe crow.

Pvg. Any conditions to be gone. *Div.* Away, then.

*He ſhewes
 Fitz-dot-
 trel to him,
 comming
 forth.*

ACT.

ACT. I. SCENE. II.

FITZ-DOTTRELL.

I, they doe, now, name *Bresnor*, as before,
 They talk'd of *Gresham*, and of Doctor *Forceman*,
Franklin, and *Fiske*, and *Sanory* (he was in too)
 But there's not one of these, that euer could
 Yet shew a man the *Diuell*, in true sort.
 They haue their christalls, I doe know, and rings,
 And virgin parchment, and their dead-mens sculls
 Their rauens wings, their lights, and *pentacles*,
 With *charbers*; I ha' scene all these. But—
 Would I might see the *Diuell*, I would give
 A hundred o'these pictures, to see him
 Once out of picture. May I prove a cuckold,
 (And that's the one maine mortall thing I feare)
 If I beginne not, now, to thinke, the Painters
 Haue onely made him. 'Slight, he would be seen,
 One time or other else. He would not let
 An ancient gentleman, of a good house,
 As most are now in *England*, the *Fitz-dotrel's*,
 Runne wilde, and call vpon him thus in vaine,
 As I ha' done this twelue moneth. If he be not,
 At all, why, are there Coniurers? If they be not,
 Why, are there lawes against 'hem? The best artists
 Of *Cambridge*, *Oxford*, *Middlesex*, and *London*,
Essex, and *Kent*, I haue had in pay to raile him,
 These fifty weekes, and yet h'appeares not. 'Sdeath,
 I shall suspect, they, can make circles onely
 Shortly, and know but his hard names. They doe say,
 H'will meet a man (of himselfe) that has a mind to him.
 If hee would so, I haue a minde and a hafse for him;
 He should not be long absent. Pray thee, come
 I long for thee. An' I were with child by him,
 And my wife, too; I could not more. Come, yet,
 Good *Beelzebub*. Were hee a kinde diuell,
 And had humanity in him, hee would come, but
 To saue ones longing. I should vse him well,
 I sweare, and with respect (would he would try mee)
 Not, as the Coniurers doe, when they ha' rais'd him.
 Get him in bonds, and send him post, on errands.

O

Hee expres-
ses a longing
to see the
Diuell.

A

A thousand miles, it is preposterous, that :
 And I beleue, is the true cause he comes not.
 And hee has reason. Who would be engag'd,
 That might live freely, as he may doe? I sweare,
 They are wrong all. The burn't child dreads the fire.
 They doe not know to entertaine the *Dinell*.
 I would so welcome him, obserue his diet,
 Get him his chamber hung with *arras*, two of hem,
 I' my own house; lend him my wiues wrought pillowes:
 And as I am an honest man, I thinke,
 If he had a minde to her, too ; I should grant him,
 To make our friend-ship perfect. So I would not
 To every man. If hee but heare me, now ?
 And should come to mee in a braue young shape,
 And take me at my word ? ha ! Who is this ?

ACT. I. SCENE. III.

PVG. FITZ-DOTTRELL.

SIR, your good pardon, that I thus presume
 Upon your priuacy. I am borne a Gentleman,
 A younger brother; but, in some disgrace,
 Now, with my friends : and want some little meanes,
 To keepe me vpright, while things be reconcil'd.
 Please you, to let my seruice be of vse to you, Sir.

*Hee looks
and suruys
his feet: over
and over.*
 FIT. Seruice? 'fore hell, my heart was at my mouth,
 Till I had view'd his shooes well : for, those roses
 Were bigge inough to hide a clouen foote.
 No, friend, my number's full. I haue one seruant,
 Who is my all, indeed; and, from the broome-
 Vnto the brush : for, iust so farre, I trust him.
 He is my Ward-robe man, my Cater, Cooke,
 Butler, and Steward ; lookest vnto my horse :
 And helpest to watch my wife. H'has all the places,
 That I can thinke on, from the garret downward,
 E'en to the manger, and the curry-combe.

PVG. Sir, I shall put your worship to no charge,
 More then my meate, and that but very little,
 I'le serue you for your loue. FIT. Ha? without wages?
 I'le harken o'that eare, were I at leasure.
 But now, I'm busie. 'Pr'y the, friend forbeare'me,

An*

And' thou hadst beene a *Diuell*, I should say
Somewhat more to thee. Thou dost hinder, now,
My meditations. PVG. Sir, I am a *Diuell*.

FIT. How! PVG. A true *Diuell*, Sr. FIT. Nay, now, you ly:
Vnder your fauour, friend, for, I'll not quarrell.
I look'd o'your feet, afore, you cannot coozen mee,
Your shoo's not cloven, Sir, you are whole hooft'd.

PVG. Sir, that's a popular error, deceiuers many:
But I am that, I tell you. FIT. What's your name? (deed, Sr.

PVG. My name is *Diuell*, Sr. FIT. Sai'st thou true. PVG. In-
FIT. 'Slid! there's some omen i'this! what countryman?

PVG. Of Derby-bire, Sr. about the *Peake*. FIT. That Hole
Belong'd to your Ancestors? PVG. Yes, *Diuell's* arse, Sr.

FIT. I'll entertaine him for the name sake. Ha?

And turne away my rother man? and saue

Foure pound a yeere by that? there's lucke, and thrift too!
The very *Diuell* may come, heereafter, as well.

Friend, I receiuue you: but (withall) I acquaint you,
Aforehand, if yo' offend mee, I must beat you.

It is a kinde of exercise, I vse.

And cannot be without. PVG. Yes, if I doe not
Offend, you can, sure. FIT. Faith, *Diuell*, very hardly:
I'll call you by your surname, 'cause I loue it.

He viewes
his feete a-
gaine.

ACT. I. SCENE. IIII.

INGINE. WITTI POL. MANLY.
FITZDOTTRELL. PVG.

Yonder hee walkes, Sir, I'll goe lift him for you.

WIT. To him, good *ingine*, raise him vp by degrees,
Gently, and hold him there too, you can doe it.
Shew your selfe now, a *Mathematicall* broker.

ING. I'll warrant you for halfe a piece. WIT. 'Tis done, Sr.

MAN. Is't possible there should be such a man?

WIT. You shall be your owne witness, I'll not labour
To tempt you past your faith. MAN. And is his wife
So very handsome, say you? WIT. I ha' not seene her,
Since I came home from trauell: and they say,
Shee is not alter'd. Then, before I went,
I saw her once; but so, as shee hath stuck
Still i'my view, no obiect hath remou'd her.

O 2

MAN.

MAN. 'Tis a faire guest, Friend, beauty : and once lodg'd
Deepe in the eyes, shee hardly leaues the Inne.
How do's he keepe her ? WIT. Very braue. Howeuer,
Himselfe be sorde, hee is sensuall that way.
In every dressing, hee do's study her.

MAN. And furnish forth himselfe so from the *Brokers*?

WIT. Yes, that's a hyr'd suite, hee now has one,
To see the *Dinell* is an *asse*, to day, in :

(This *Ingine* gets three or fourte pound a weeke by him)

He dares not misse a new *Play*, or a *Feast*,

What rate soeuer clothes be at ; and thinkes

Himselfe still new, in other mens old. MAN. But stay,

Do's he loue meat so? WIT. Faith he do's not hate it.

But that's not it. His belly and his palate

Would be compounded with for reason. MARY,

A wit he has, of that strange credit with him,

'Gainst all mankinde ; as it doth make him doe

Iust what it list : it rauishes him forth,

Whither it please, to any assembly or place,

And would conclude him ruin'd, should hee scape

One publike meeting, out of the beliefe

He has of his owne great, and Catholike strengths,

In arguing, and dilcourse. It takes, I see :

He has got the cloake vpon him. FIT. A faire garment,

By my faith, *Ingine* ! ING. It was never made, Sir,

For three score pound, I assure you : 'Twill yeeld thirty.

The plush, Sir, cost three pound, ten shillings a yard !

And then the lace, and velvet. FIT. I shall, *Ingine*,

Be look'd at, pretily, in it ! Art thou sure

The *Play* is play'd to day ? ING. O here's the bill, Sir.

I had forgot to gi't you. FIT. Ha ? the *Dinell* !

I will not lose you, Sirah ! But, *Ingine*, thinke you,

The Gallant is so furious in his folly ?

So mad vpon the matter, that hee'll part

With's cloake vpo'these termes ? ING. Trust not your *Ingine*,

Breake me to pieces else, as you would doe

A rotten *Crane*, or an old rusty *Jacke*,

That has not one true wheele in him. Doe but talke with him.

FIT. I shall doe that, to satisfie you, *Ingine*,

And my selfe too. With your leaue, Gentlemen.

Which of you is it, is so meere Idolater

To my wifes beauty, and so very prodigall

Vnto my patience, that, for the short parlee ?

Of one swift houres quarter, with my wife,

He will depart with (let mee see) this cloake here

The price of folly ? Sir, are you the man ?

WIT. I am that vent'rer, Sir. FIT. Good time ! your name

is

*Ingine bawd
woman Fitz-
dottrel, to
say on the
cloake.*

*Hee gives
him the
Play-bill.*

*Hee turns
to Witti-
pol.*

Is *Witty-pol*? WIT. The same, Sr. FIT. And'tis told me,
 Yo' haue trauell'd lately? WIT. That I haue, Sr. FIT. Truly,
 Your trauells may haue alter'd your complexion;
 But sure, your wit stood still. WIT. It may well be, Sir.
 All heads ha'not like growth. FIT. The good mans grauity,
 That left you land, your father, never taught you
 These pleasant matches? WIT. No, nor can his mirth,
 With whom I make 'hem, put me off. FIT. You are
 Resolu'd then? WIT. Yes, Sr. FIT. Beauty is the *Saint*,
 You'll sacrifice your selfe, into the *Quaint* too?

WIT. So I may still cloth, and keepe warme your wisdom?

FIT. You lade me Sr! WIT. I know what you wil beare, Sr.

FIT. Well, to the point. 'Tis only, Sir, you say,
 To speake vnto my wife? WIT. Only, to speake to her.

FIT. And in my presence? WIT. In your very presence.

FIT. And in my hearing? WIT. In your hearing: so,
 You interrupt vs not. FIT. For the short space
 You doe demand, the fourth part of an houre,
 I thinke I shall, with some conuenient study,
 And this good helpe to boor, bring my selfe to't.

WIT. I aske no more. FIT. Please you, walk to'ard my house,
 Speake what you list; that time is yours: My right
 I haue departed with. But, not beyond,
 A minute, or a second, looke for. Length,
 And drawing out, ma'duance much, to these matches.
 And I except all kissing. Kisses are
 Silent petitions still with willing *Lovers*.

*Hee brings
him selfe up
in the cloake.*

WIT. *Lovers*? How falls that o' your phantise? FIT. Sir.
 I doe know somewhat, I forbid all lip-worke.

WIT. I am not eager at forbidden dainties,
 Who couets vnfitt things, denies him selfe.

FIT. You say well, Sir, 'Twas prettily said, that same,
 He do's, indeed. I'll haue no touches, therefore,
 Nor takings by the armes, nor tender circles
 Cast 'bout the wast, but all be done at distance.
 Loue is brought vp with those soft *migniard* handlings;
 His pulse lies in his palme: and I defend
 All melting ioynts, and fingers, (that's my bargaine)
 I doe defend 'hem; any thing like action.
 But talke, Sir, what you will. Use all the *Tropes*
 And *Schemes*, that Prince *Quintilian* can afford you:
 And much good do your *Rhetoriques* heart. You are welcome, Sir.
Ingine, God b'w'you. WIT. Sir, I must condition
 To haue this Gentleman by, a witnessse. FIT. Well,
 I am content, so he be silent. MAN. Yes, Sir. (you

FIT. Come *Dinell*, I'll make you roome, streight. But I'll shew
 First, to your Mistresse, who's no common one,

You must conceiue, that brings this gaine to see her.
I hope thou' st brought me good lucke. PVG. I shall do't. Sir.

ACT. I. SCENE. V.

VVITTIPO L. MANLY.

Wittipol
knocks his
friend o' the
breast.

I Nglane, you hope o' your halfe picce? 'Tis there, Sir.
I Be gone. Friend *Manly*, who's within here? fixed?

MAN. I am directly in a fit of wonder
What'll be the issue of this conference!

WIT. For that, ne'r vex your selfe, till the event.
How like yo' him? MAN. I would faine see more of him.

WIT. What thinke you of this? MAN. I am past degrees of
Old Africk, and the new *America*, (thinking.

With all their fruite of Monsters cannot shew
So iust a prodigie. WIT. Could you haue beleeu'd,
Without your sight, a minde so soridie inward,
Should be so specious, and layd forth abroad,
To all the shew, that euer shap, or ware was?

MAN. I beleeeue any thing now, though I confess
His vices are the most extremities
I euer knew in nature. But, why loues hee
The *Divell* so? WIT. O Sr! for hidden treasure,
Hee hopes to finde: and has propos'd himselfe
So infinite a Massie, as to recover,
He cares not what he parts with, of the present,
To his men of Art, who are the race, may coyne him.
Promise gold-mountaines, and the couetous
Are still most prodigall. MAN. But ha' you faith,
That he will hold his bargaint? WIT. O deare, Sir!
He will not off on't. Feare him not. I know him.
One baserelle still accompaniess another.
See! he is heere already, and his wife too.

MAN. A wondrous handsome creature, as I live!

ACT.

ACT. I. SCENE. VI.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. Mistress FITZ-DOTTRELL. WITTIPOLE. MANLY.

COME wife, this is the Gentleman. Nay, blush not.

M^r. FI. Why, what do you meane Sir? ha' you your reason?

I do not know, that I haue lent it forth

(FIT: Wife,

To any one; at least, without a pawne, wife:

Or that I haue eat or druake the thing, of late,

That should corrupt it. Wherefore gentle wife,

Obey, it is thy vertue: hold no acts

Of disputation. M^r. FI. Are you not enough

The talke, of feasts, and meetingy, but you'll still

Make argument for fresh? FIT. Why, carefull wedlocke,

If I haue haue a longing to haue one tale more

Goe of mee, what is that to thee, deare heart?

Why shouldst thou enuy my delight? or crosse it?

By being solicitous, when it not concernes thee?

M^r. FI. Yes, I haue share in this. The scorne will fall

As bitterly on me, where both are laught at.

FIT. Laught at, sweet bird? is that the scruple? Come, come,

A Niaise
is a young
Hawke, & one
crying out
of the nest.

Thou art a Niaise. Which of your great houses,

(I will not meane at home, here, but abroad)

Your families in France, wife, send not forth

Something, within the seuen yeere, may be laught at?

I doe not say seuen moneths, nor seuen weekes,

Nor seuen daies, nor houres: but seuen yeere wife.

I giue 'hem time. Once, within seuen yeere,

I thinke they may doe something may be laught at.

In France, I keepe me there, still. Wherefore, wife,

Let them that list, laugh still, rather then weepe

For me; Heere is a cloake cost fifty pound, wife,

Which I can sell for thirty, when I ha' seene

All London in't, and London has seene mee.

To day, I goe to the Black-fryers Play-house,

Sit ithe view, salute all my acquaintance,

Rise vp betweene the Acts, let fall my cloake,

Publish a handsome man, and a rich suite

(As that's a speciall end, why we goe thither,

All that pretend, to stand for't o'the Stage)

The

The Ladies aske who's that? (For, they doe come
To see vs, *Loue*, as wee doe to see them)
Now, I shall lose all this, for the false feare
Of beinglaught at? Yes, wufse. Let 'hem laugh, wife,
Let me haue such another cloake to morrow.
And let 'hem laugh againe, wife, and againe,
And then grow fat with laughing, and then fatter,
All my young Gallants, let 'hem bring their friends too:
Shall I forbide 'hem? No, let heauen forbid 'hem:
Or wit, if't haue any charge on 'hem. Come, thy care, wife,
Is all, I'll borrow of thee. Set your watch, Sir,
Thou, onely art to heare, not speake a word, *Doue*,
To ought he sayes. That I doe gi'you in precept,
No lesse then councell, on your wiue-hood, wife,
Not thongh he flatter you, or make court, or *Loue*,
(As you must looke for these) or say, he raile;
What ere his arts be, wife, I will haue thee
Delude 'hem with a trick, thy obstinate silence;
I know aduantages; and I loue to hit

He disposes his wife to place, and sees his watch.

These pragmaticke young men, at their owne weapons.
Is your watch ready? Here my saile beares, for you:
Tack toward him, sweet *Pinnace*, where's your watch?

Wit. I'le set it, Sir, with yours. *Mr. Fit.* I must obey.
Man. Her modesty seemes to suffer with her beauty,
And so, as if his folly were a way,
It were worth pitty. *Fit.* Now, th'are right, beginne, Sir.
But first, let me repeat the contract, briefly.

I am, Sir, to injoy this cloake, I stand in,
Freely, and as your gift; vpon condition
You may as freely, speake here to my spouse,
Your quarter of an houre alwaies keeping
The measur'd distance of your yard, or more,
From my said Spouse: and in my sight and bearing.

This is your couenant? *Wit.* Yes, but you'll allow
For this time spent, now? *Fit.* Set 'hem so much backe.

Wit. I thinke, I shall not need it. *Fit.* Well, begin, Sir,
There is your bound, Sir. Not beyond that rush.

Wit. If you interrupt me, Sir, I shall discloake you.

The time I haue purchast, Lady, is but short;
And, therefore, if I employ it thriftily,
I hope I stand the neerer to my pardon.
I am not here, to tell you, you are faire,
Or louely, or how well you dress'e you, Lady,
I'll saue my selfe that eloquence of your glasfe,
Which can speake these things better to you then I.
And 'tis a knowledge, wherein fooles may be
As wise as a Court Parliament. Nor come I,

He repeats his contract againe.

Wittipol begins.

With

With any preiudice, or doubt, that you
Should, to the notice of your owne worth, neede
Least reuelation. Shee's a simple woman,
Know's not her good: (who euer knowes her ill)
And at all caracts. That you are the wife,
To so much blasted flesh, as scarce hath soule,
In stead of sa't, to keepe it sweete; I thinke,
Will aske no witnessses, to proue. The cold
Sheetes that you lie in, with the watching candle,
That sees, how dull to any thaw of beaury,
Pieces, and quarters, halfe, and whole nights, sometimes,
The Diuell-giuuen *Elfine* Squire, your husband,
Doth leue you, quitting heere his proper circle,
For a much-worse i'the walks of *Lincolnes Inne*,
Vnder the Elmes, t'expect the feind in vaine, there
Will confess for you. FIT. I did looke for this geere.

WIT. And what a daughter of darknesse, he do's make you,
Lock'd vp from all society, or object;
Your eye nor let to looke vpon a face,
Vnder a Conjurers (or some mould for one,
Hollow, and leane like his) bur, by great meanes,
As I now make; your owne too sensible sufferings,
Without the extraordinary aydes,
Of spells, or spirits, may assure you, Lady.
For my part, I protest 'gainst all such practice,
I worke by no false arts, medicines, or charmes
To be said forward and backward. FIT. No, I except:

WIT. Sir I shall ease you. FIT. Mum. WIT. Nor haue I
Vpon you, more then this: to tell you how *Loue* (ends, Lady,
Beauties good Angell, he that waits vpon her
At all occasions, and no lesse then *Fortune*,
Helps th'aduenturous, in mee makes that proffer,
Which neuer faire one was so fond, to lose;
Who could but reach a hand forth to her freedome.
On the first sight, I lou'd you: since which time,
Though I haue trauell'd, I haue beene in trauell
More for this second blessing of your eyes
Which now I haue purchas'd, then for all aymes else.
Thinke of it, Lady, be your minde as active,
As is your beauty: view your object well.
Examine both my fashion, and my yeres.
Things, that are like, are soone familiar:
And Nature ioyes, still in equality.
Let not the signe o'the husband fright you, Lady.
But ere your spring be gone, injoy it. Flowers,
Though faire, are oft but of one morning. Thinke,
All beauty doth not last vntill the *autumne*.

He offers to
discloake
him.

You grow old, while I tell you this. And such,
 As cannot vse the present, are not wise.
 If Loue and Fortune will take care of vs,
 Why shoulde our will be wanting? This is all.
 Wha doe you answer, Lady? FIT. Now, the sport comes.
 Let him still waite, waite, waite: while the watch goes,
 And the time runs. Wife! WIT. How! not any word?
 Nay, then, I taste a tricke in't. Worthy Lady,
 I cannot be so false to mine owne thoughts
 Of your presumed goodnesse, to conceiue
 This, as your rudenesse, which I see's impos'd.
 Yet, since your cauelous *Taylor*, here stands by you,
 And yo're deni'd the liberty o' the house,
 Let me take warrant, Lady, from your silence,
 (Which euer is interpreted consent)
 To make your answer for you: which shall be
 To as good purpose, as I can imagine,
 And what I thinke you'd speake. FIT. No, no, no, no.

WIT. I shall resume, S^r. MAN. Sir, what doe you meane?

WIT. One interruption more, Sir, and you goe
 Into your hose and doublet, nothing saues you.
 And therefore harken. This is for your wife. friend.

MAN. You must play faire, S^r. WIT. Stand for mee, good
 Troth, Sir, tis more then true, that you haue vtred
 Of my vnequall, and so sorride match heere,
 With all the circumstances of my bondage.
 I haue a husband, and a two-legg'd one,
 But such a moon-ling, as no wit of man
 Or roses can redeeme from being an Aſſe.
 He is growne too much, the story of mens mouthes,
 To ſcape his lading: ſhould I make't my ſtudy,
 And lay all wayes, yea, call mankind to helpe,
 To take his burden off, why, this one act
 Of his, to let his wife out to be courted,
 And, at a priee, proclaims his aſinine nature
 So lowd, as I am weary of my title to him.
 But Sir, you ſeeme a Gentleman of vertue,
 No leſſe then blood; and one that every way
 Lookes as he were of too good quality,
 To intrap a credulous woman, or betray her:
 Since you haue payd thus deare, Sir, for a visit,
 And made ſuch venter, on your wit, and charge
 Merely to ſee mee, or at moſt to ſpeakē to mee,
 I were too ſtupid; or (what's worse) ingrate
 Not to returne your venter. Thinke, but how,
 I may with ſafety doe it; I ſhall truſt
 My loue and honour to you, and preſume,

*Shee stands
muse.*

*He ſets Mr.
Manly, his
friend in her
place.*

*And ſpeaks
for her.*

You'll

You'll euer husband both, against this husband ;
Who, if we chance to change his liberall cares,
To other ensignes, and with labour make
A new beast of him, as hee shall deserue,
Cannot complaine, hee is vnkindly dealth with.
This day hee is to goe to a new play, Sir.
From whence no feare, no, nor authority,
Scarcely the *Kings* command, Sir, will restraine him,
Now you haue fittet him with a *Stage-garment*,
For the meere names sake, were there nothing else :
And many more such iourneys, hee will make.
Whiche, if they now, or, any time heereafter,
Offer vs opportunity, you heare, Sir,
Who'll be as glad, and forward to imbrace,
Meete, and enjoy it chearefully as you.
I humbly thank you, Lady. FIT. Keepe your ground Sir.

WIT. Will you be lightned ? FIT. Mum. WIT. And but I
By the sad contract, thus to take my leaue of you (am,
At this so envious distance, I had taught
Our lips ere this, to seale the happy mixture
Made of our soules. But we must both, now, yeeld
To the necessity. Doe not thinke, yet, Lady,
But I can kisse, and touch, and laught, and whisper,
And doe those crowning court-ships too, for which
Day, and the publike haue allow'd no name. But, now,
Bur, now, my bargaine binds me. 'Twere rude iniury,
T'importune more, or vrge a noble nature,
To what of it's owne bounty it is prone to :
Else, I should speake—But, Lady, I loue so well,
As I will hope, you'll doe so to. I haue done, Sir.

FIT. Well, then, I ha' won? WIT. Sir, And I may win, too.
FIT. O yes ! no doubt on't. I'll take carefull order,
That shee shall hang forth ensignes at the window,
To tell you when I am absent. Or I'll keepe
Three or foure foore-men, ready stell of purpos,
To runne and fetch you, at her longings, Sir.
I'll goe bespeak me straight a guile caroch,
For her and you to take the ayre in. Yes,
Into *Hide-parke*, and thence into *Black-Fryers*,
Visit the painters, where you may see pictures,
And note the properest limbs, and how to make 'hem,
Or what doe you say vnto a middling Gossip ?
To bring you aye together, at her lodging ?
Vnder pretext of reaching o' my wife
Some rare receit of drawing *almond* milke ? ha ?
It shall be a part of my care. Good Sir, God b'w' you.
I ha' kept the contract, and the cloake is mine.

How briefes so
become
place a-
game

He turns
bis wife a-
bout.

WIT. Why, much good do't you Sr; it may fall out,
That you ha' bought it deare, though I ha' not sold it.

FIT. A pretty riddle! Fare you well, good Sir.
Wife, your face this way, looke on me: and thinke
Yo' haue had a wicked dreame, wife, and forget it.

MAN. This is the strangest motion I ere saw.

FIT. Now, wife, sits this faire cloake the worse vpon me,
For my great sufferings, or your little patience? ha?
They laugh, you thinke? M^r. FIT. Why Sr, and you might see't.
What thought, they haue of you, may be soone collected
By the young Gentleman speache. FIT. Youug Gentleman?
Death! you are in loue with him, are you? could he not
Be nam'd the Gentleman, without the young?
Up to your Cabbin againe. M^r. FIT. My cage, yo' were best
To call it? FIT. Yes, sing there. You'd faine be making
Blank Manger with him at your mothers! I know you.
Goe get you vp. How now! what say you, Divell?

ACT. I. SCENE. VII.

PVG. FITZDOTTREL. INGINE.

HERE is one *Ingne*, Sir, desires to speake with you.

FIT. I thought he brought some newes, of a broker! Well,
Let him come in, good *Divell*: fetch him else.

O, my fine *Ingne*! what's th'affaire? more cheats?

ING. No Sir, the *Wit*, the *Braine*, the great *Proector*,
I told you of, is newly come to towne.

FIT. Where, *Ingne*? ING. I ha' brought him (H'is without)
Ere hee pull'd off his boots, Sir, but so follow'd,
For busyness: FIT. But what is a *Proector*?
I would conceiue. ING. Why, one Sir, that projects
Wayes to enrich men, or to make 'em great,
By suites, by marriages, by vndertakings:
According as hee sees they humour it.

FIT. Can hee not coniure at all? ING. I thinke he can, Sir.
(To tell you true) but, you doe know, of late,
The State hath tane such note of 'em, and compell'd 'em,
To enter such great bonds, they dare not practice.

FIT. 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't, the while!

ING. O, Sir! you'll grow the richer for the rest.

FIT. I hope I shall: but *Ingne*, you doe talke
Somewhat too much, o'my courses. My Cloake-customer

Could

Could tell mee strange particulars. ING. By my meanes ?
 FIT. How should he haue hem else? ING. You do not know, Sir,
 What he has : and by what arts ! A monci'd man, Sir,
 And is as great with your *Almanack-Men*, as you are ! (here:

FIT. That Gallant? ING. You make the other wait too long,
 And hee is extreme punctuall. FIT. Is he a gallant?

ING. Sir, you shall see : He is in his riding suit,
 As hee comes now from Court. But heere him speake :
 Minister matter to him, and then tell mee.



A C T . I I . S C E N E . I .

MEER-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREE. INGFINE.
 TRAINES. PVG.

Sir, money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge ;
 Fit to runne outon errands : Let her goe.
Via pecunia ! when shie's runne and gone,
 And fled and dead ; then will I fetch her, againe,
 With *Aqua-vite*, out of an old Hogs-head !
 While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beeres,

I'le neuer want her ! Coyne her out of cobwebs,
 Dust, but I' ll haue her ! Raise wooll vpon egge-shells,
 Sir, and make grasse grow out o' marro-bones.

To make her come. (Commend mee to your Mistresse,
 Say, let the thousand pound but be had ready,
 And it is done) I would but see the creature
 (Of flesh, and blood) the man, the prince, indeed,
 That could employ so many millions
 As I would help him to. FIT. How, talks he? millions?

MER. (I'll give you an account of this to morrow.)
 Yes, I will talke no lesse, and doe it too ;
 If they were *Myriades* : and without the *Divell*,

To a waster.

To another.

To a third.

By dire & meanes, it shall be good in law. ING. Sir.

MER. Tell M^r. Wood-cock, I'll not faile to meet him
Vpon th' Exchange at night. Pray him to haue
The writings there, and wee'll dispatch it. Sir,
You are a Gentleman of a good presence,
A handsome man (I haue considered you)
As a fit stocke to graft honours vpon :
I haue a project to make you a *Duke*, now.
That you must be one, within so many moneths,
As I set downe, out of true reason of state,
You sha' not auoyd it. But you must harken, then.ING. Harken? why S^r, do you doubt his eares? Alas!
You doe not know Master *Fitz-dosrel*.FIT. He do's not know me indeed. I thank you, *Ingine*,
For rectifying him. MER. Good! Why, *Ingine*, then
I'le tell it you. (I see you ha' credit, here,
And, that you can keepe counsell, I'll not question.)
Hee shall but be an vndertaker with mee,
In a most feasible bus'nesse. It shall cost him (nance;
Nothing. ING. Good, S^r. - MER. Except he please, but's count'.
(That I will haue) t'appeare in't, to great men,
For which I'll make him one. Hee shall not draw
A string of's purse. I'll drive his patten for him.
We'll take in Cittizens, *Commoners*, and *Aldermen*,
To beare the charge, and blow' hem off againe,
Like so many dead flies, when 'tis carryed.
The thing is for recovery of drown'd land,
Wherof the *Crowne*'s to haue his moiety,
If it be owner; Else, the *Crowne* and Owners
To share that moyety: and the recoverers
T'enjoy the tother moyety, for their charge.ING. Thorowout *England*? MER. Yes, which will arise
To eyghteene *millions*, seuen the first yeere:
I haue computed all, and made my suruay
Vnto an acre. I'll beginne at the Pan,
Not, at the skirts: as some ha' done, and lost,
All that they wrought, their timber-worke, their trench,
Their bankes all borne away, or else fill'd vp
By the next winter. Tut, they neuer went
The way: I'll haue it all. ING. A gallant tract
Of land it is! MER. 'Twill yeeld a pound an acre.
Wee must let cheape, euer, at first. But Sir,
This lookes too large for you, I see. Come hither,
We'll haue a less. Here's a plain fellow, you see him,
Has his black bag of papers, there, in Buckram,
Wi'not be sold for th' Earledome of *Pancridge*: Draw,
Gi' me out one, by chance. Project. 4. Dog-skinnes?He turns to
Fitz-dot-
rel.He turns to
Ingine.

Twelue thousand pound ! the very wext, at first.

FIT. Pray you let's see't Sir. MER. 'Tis a toy, a trifle !

FIT. Trifle ! 12. thousand pound for dogs-skins ? MER. Yes, But, by my way of dressing, you must know, Sir, And med'cining the leather, to a height.

Of improu'd ware, like your *Borathio*

Of Spaine, Sir. I can fetch nine thousand for't —

ING. Of the Kings glouer ? MER. Yes, how heard you that ?

ING. Sir, I doe know you can. MER. Within this houre :

And reserue halfe my secret. Pluck another ;

See if thou hast a happier hand : I thought so.

The very next worse to it ! Bottle-ale.

Yet, this is two and twenty thousand ! Pr'y thee

Pull out another, two or three. FIT. Good, stay, friend,

By bottle-ale, two and twenty thousand pound ?

MER. Yes, Sir, it's cast to penny-hal'penny-farthing,

O'the back-side, there you may see it, read,

I will not bate a *Harrington* o'the summe.

I'll winne it i'my water, and my malt,

My furnaces, and hanging o'my coppers,

The tonning, and the subtily o'my yeast,

And, then the earth of my bottles, which I dig,

Turne vp, and steepe, and worke, and seale, my selfe,

To a degree of *Porc'lane*. You will wonder,

At my proportions, what I will put vp

In seuen yeeres ! for so long time, I aske

For my inuention. I will saue in cork,

In my mere stop'ling, 'boue three thousand pound,

Within that terme : by googing of 'hem out

Iust to the fize of my bottles, and not slicing.

There's infinite losse i'that. What hast thou there ?

O'making wine of raisins : this is in hand, now,

ING. Is not that strange, Sr, to make wine of raisins ?

MER. Yes, and as true a wine, as th'wines of *France*,

Or *Spaine*, or *Italy*, Looke of what grape

My raisin is, that wine I'll render perfect,

As of the *muscatell* grape, I'll render *muscatell*,

Of the *Canary*, his ; the *Ciaret*, his ;

So of all kinds : and bate you of the prices,

Of wine, throughout the kingdome, halfe in halfe.

ING. But, how, Sr, if you raise the other commodity,

Raylins ? MER. Why, then I'll make it out of black-beanies :

And it shall doe the same. 'Tis but more art,

And the charge lesse. Take out another. FIT. No, good Sir.

Sau'e you the trouble, I'le not looke, nor heare

Of any, but your first, there ; the *Drown'd-land* :

If it will doe, as you say. MER. Sir, there's not place,

Hee plucks
out the 2.
Bottle-ale.

Hee draws
one another.
Raines.

To

To gi' you demonstration of these things.
 They are a little to subtle. But, I could shew you
 Such a necessity in't, as you must be
 But what you please : against the receiu'd heresie,
 That *England* beares no Dukes. Keepe you the land, S^r,
 The greatnesse of th' estate shall throw't vpon you.
 If you like better turning it to money,
 What may not you, S^r, purchase with that wealth ?
 Say, you should part with two o' your millions,
 To be the thing you would, who would not do't ?
 As I protest, I will, out of my diuident,
 Lay, for some pretty principality,
 In *Italy*, from the Church : Now, you perhaps,
 Fancy the smoake of *England*, rather ? But—
 Ha' you no priuate roome, Sir, to draw to,
 Tenlarge our selues more vpon. FIT. O yes, *Dinell* !

M^r. These, Sir, are bus'nesses, aske to be carried
 With caution, and in cloud. FIT. I apprehend,
 They doe so, S^r. *Dinell*, which way is your Mistresse ?

PVG. Aboue, S^r. in her chamber. FIT. O that's well.
 Then, this way, good, Sir. M^r. I shall follow you ; *Traines*,
 Gi'mee the bag, and goe you presently,
 Command my seruice to my Lady *Tail-bush*.
 Tell her I am come from Court this morning ; say,
 I haue got our bus'nesse mou'd, and well : Intreat her,
 That shee give you the four-score Angels, and see 'hem
 Dispos'd of to my Councel, Sir *Poul Eysterfide*.
 Sometime, to day, I'll waite vpon her Ladiship,
 With the relation. ING. Sir, of what dispatch,
 He is ! Do you marke ? M^r. Ingiue, whendid you see
 My cousin *Euer-ill* ? keepes he still your quarter ?
 I the *Bermadas* ? ING. Yes, Sir, he was writing
 This morning, very hard. M^r. Be not you knowne to him,
 That I am come to Towne : I haue effected
 A businesse for him, but I would haue it take him,
 Before he thinks for't. ING. Is it past ? M^r. Not yet.
 'Tis well o'the way. ING. O Sir ! your worship takes
 Infinit paines. M^r. I loue Friends, to be a clieue :
 A sluggish nature puts off man, and kinde.

ING. And such a blessing followes it. M^r. I thanke
 My fate. Pray you let's be priuate, Sir ? FIT. In, here.

M^r. Where none may interrupt vs. FIT. You haue, *Dinell*,
 Lock the streete doores fast, and let no one in.
 (Except they be this Gentlemans followers)
 To trouble mee. Doe you marke ? Yo'haue heard and seene
 Something, to day ; and, by it, you may gather
 Your Mistresse is a fruite, that's worth the stealing.

And

And therefore worth the watching. Be you sure, now,
Yo' haue all your eyes about you ; and let in
No lace-woman ; nor bawd, that brings French-masques,
And cut-works. See you ? Nor old croanes, with wafers,
To conuey letters. Nor no youths, disguis'd
Like country-wives, with creame, and marrow-puddings.
Much knavery may be vented in a pudding,
Much bawdy intelligence : They're shrewd ciphers.
Nor turne the key to any neyghbours neede ;
Be't but to kindle fire, or begg a little,
Put it out, rather : all out, to an ashe,
That they may see no smoake. Or water, spill it :
Knock o'the empty tubs, that by the sound,
They may be forbid entry. Say, wee are robb'd,
If any come to borrow a spoone, or so.
I wi' not haue good fortune, or gods blessing
Let in, while I am busie. PVG. I'le take care, Sir:
They sha' not trouble you, if they would. FIT. Well, do so.

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

PVG. Mistresse FITZDOTTRELL.

I haue no singular seruice of this, now ?
Nor no superlatiue Master ? I shall wish
To be in hell againe, at leasure ? Bring,
A Vice from thence ? That had bin such a subtilty,
As to bring broad-clothes hither : or transport
Fresh oranges into Spaine. I finde it, now ;
My Chiefe was i'the right. Can any feind
Boast of a better Vice, then heere by nature,
And art, th'are owners o' ? Hell ne'r owne mee,
But I am taken ! the fine tract of it
Pulls mee along ! To heare men such professors
Grown in our subtlest Sciences ! My first *act*, now,
Shall be, to make this Master of mine cuckold :
The primitiue worke of darkneſſe, I will practise !
I will deserue so well of my faire Mistresse,
By my discoueries, first ; my counsells after ;
And keeping counsell, after that : as who,
So euer, is one, I'le be another, sure,
I'll ha' my share. Most delicate damn'd flesh !

Q

She

Shee sends
Diuell out.

Shee will be ! O ! that I could stay time, now,
Midnight will come too fast vpon mee, I feare,
To cut my pleasure—M^r. Fⁱ. Looke at the back doore,
One knocks, see who it is. PVG. Dainty she-Diuell!

M^r. Fⁱ. I cannot get this venter of the cloake,
Out of my fancie ; nor the Gentlemans way,
He tooke, which though 'twere strange, yet 'twas handsome,
And had a grace withall, beyond the newnesse.
Sure he will thinke mee that dull stupid creature,
Hee said, and may conclude it ; if I finde not
Some thought to thanke th'attemp. He did presume,
By all the carriage of it, on my braine,
For answer ; and will sweare 'tis very barren,
If it can yeld him no returne Who is it ?

Diuell re-
turnes.

PVG. Mistresse, it is, but first, let me assure
The excellencye, of Mistresses, I am,
Although my Masters man, my Mistresse slauie,
The seruant of her secrets, and sweete turns,
And know, what fitly will conduce to either.

M^r. Fⁱ. What's this? I pray you come to your selfe and thinke
What your part is : to make an answer. Tell,
Who is it at the doore ? PVG. The Gentleman, M^r,
Who was at the cloake-charge to speake with you,
This morning, who expects onely to take
Some small command'ments from you, what you please,
Worthy your forme, hee saies, and gentlest manners.

M^r. Fⁱ. O ! you'll anon proue his hyr'd man, I feare,
What has he giu'n you, for this message ? Sir,
Bid him put off his hopes of straw, and leaue
To spread his nets, in view, thus. Though they take
Master Fitz-dottrel, I am no such foule,
Nor faire one, tell him, will be had with stalking.
And wish him to for-bear his acting to mee,
At the Gentlemans chamber-window in *Lincolnes-Inne* there,
That opens to my gallery : else, I sweare
T'acquaint my husband with his folly, and leaue him
To the iust rage of his offended iealousie.
Or if your Masters sense be not so quicke
To right mee, tell him, I shall finde a friend
That will repaire mee. Say, I will be quiet.
In mine owne house ? Pray you, in those words give it him.

He goes out.

PVG. This is some foole turn'd ! M^r. Fⁱ. If he be the Master,
Now, of that state and wit, which I allow him ;
Sure, hee will vnderstand mee : I durst not
Be more direct. For this officious fellow,
My husbands new groome, is a spie vpon me,
I finde already. Yet, if he but tell him

This

This in my words, hee cannot but conceiue
 Himselfe both apprehended, and requited.
 I would not haue him thinke hee met a *statue*:
 Or spoke to one, not there, though I were silent. (saies he?)
 How now? ha' you told him? PVG. Yes. M^r. FI. And what
 PVG. Sayes he? That which my self would say to you, if I durst.
 That you are proude, sweet Mistresse? and with all,
 A little ignorant, to entertaine
 The good that's proffer'd; and (by your beauties leue)
 Not all so wise, as some true politique wife
 Would be: who hauing match'd with such a *Nupson*
 (I speake it with my Masters peace) whose face
 Hath left t'accuse him, now, for't doth confess him,
 What you can make him; will yet (out of scruple,
 And a spic'd conscience) defraud the poore Gentleman,
 At least delay him in the thing he longs for,
 And makes it his whole study, how to compasse,
 Onely a title. Could but he write *Cuckold*,
 He had his ends. For, looke you — M^r. FI. This can be
 None but my husbands wit. PVG. My pretious M^r.

M. FI. It creaks his *Engine*: The groome neuer durst
 Be, else, so saucy — PVG. If it were not clearely,
 His worshipfull ambition; and the top of it;
 The very forked top too: why should hee
 Keepe you, thus mur'd vp in a back-roome, Mistresse,
 Allow you ne'r a casement to the streeete,
 Feare of engendering by the eyes, with gallants,
 Forbid you paper, pen and inke, like Rats-bane.
 Search your halfe pint of *muscatell*, lest a letter
 Be suncke i'the pot: and hold your new-laid egge
 Against the fire, lest any charme be writ there?
 Will you make benefit of truth, deare Mistresse,
 If I doe tell it you: I do't not often?
 I am set ouer you, imploy'd, indeed,
 To watch your steps, your looks, your very breathings,
 And to report them to him. Now, if you
 Will be a true, right, delicate sweete Mistresse,
 Why, wee will make a *Cokes* of this *Wise Master*,
 We will, my Mistresse, an absolute fine *Cokes*,
 And mock, to ayre, all the deepe diligences
 Of such a solemne, and effectuall Asse,
 An Asse to so good purpose, as wee'll vse him.
 I will contrive it so, that you shall goe
 To *Playes*, to *Masques*, to *Meetings*, and to *Feasts*.
 For, why is all this Rigging, and fine Tackle, Mistris,
 If you neat handsome vessells, of good sayle,
 Put not forth euer, and anon, with your nets

Abroad into the world. It is your fishing.
 There, you shal choose your friends, your seruants, Lady,
 Your squires of honour; I'le conuey your letters,
 Fetch answers, doe you all the offices,
 That can belong to your bloud, and beauty. And,
 For the variety, at my times, although
 I am not in due *symmetrie*, the man
 Of that proportion; or in rule
 Of *physicke*, of the iust complexion;
 Or of that truth of *Picardill*, in clothes,
 To boast a soueraignty o're Ladies: yet
 I know, to do my turnes, sweet Mistresse, Come, kisse—

M^r. FI. How now! PVG. Deare delicate Mist. I am your slauce,
 Your little *worme*, that loues you: your fine *Monkey*;
 Your *Dogge*, your *Jacke*, your *Pug*, that longs to be (you,
 Stil'd, o'your pleasures. M^r. FIT. Heare you all this? Sir, Pray
 Come from your standing, doe, a little, spare
 Your selfe, Sir, from your watch, t'applaud your *Squire*,
 That so well followes your instructions!

Shee thinkes
her husband
watches.

A C T . I I . S C E N E . I I I .

F I T Z - D O T T R E L L . M i s t r e s s e F I T Z - D O T -
 T R E L L . P V G .

HOW now, sweet heart? what's the matter? M^r. FI. Good!
 You are a stranger to the plot! you set not
 Your saucy *Diuell*, here, to tempt your wife,
 With all the insolent vnciuill language,
 Or action, he could vent? FIT. Did you so, *Diuell*? (him,

M^r. FIT. Not you? you were not planted i'your hole to heare
 Vpo' the stayres? or here, behinde the hangings?
 I doe not know your qualities? he durst doe it,
 And you not giue directions? FIT. You shall see, wife,
 Whether he durst, or no: and what it was,
 I did direct. PVG. Sweet Mistresse, are you mad?

FIT. You most mere Rogue! you open manifest Villaine!
 You Feind apparant you! you declar'd Hel-hound! (tor.

PVG. Good S^r. FIT. Good Knaue, good Rascal, and good Trai-
 Now, I doe finde you parcel-*Diuell*, indeed.
 Vpo' the point of trust? I'your first charge?
 The very day o' your probation?
 To tempt your Mistresse? You doe see, good wedlocke,

Her hus-
band goes
out,
and enters
presently
with a cud-
gel upon
him.

How

How I dire cted him. M^r. FIT. Why, where Sr, were you?

FIT. Nay, there is one blow more, for exercise :
I told you, I should doe it. PYG. Would you had done, Sir.

FIT. O wife, the rarest man ! yet there's another
To put you in mind o'the last. such a braue man, wife !
Within, he has his proiects, and do's vent 'hem,
The gallantest ! where you *tentiginous* ? ha ?
Would you be acting of the *Incubus* ?
Did her silks rustling moue you ? PYG. Gentle Sir.

FIT. Out of my sight. If thy name were not *Diuell*,
Thou should'st not stay a minute with me. In,
Goe, yet stay : yet goe too. I am resolu'd,
What I will doe : and you shall know't afore-hand.
Soone as the Gentleman is gone, doe you heare ?
I'll helpe your lisping. Wife, such a man, wife !
He has such plots ! He will make mee a *Duke* !
No lesse, by heauen ! fix Mares, to your coach, wife !
That's your proportion ! And your coach-man bald !
Because he shall be bare, inough. Doe not you laugh,
We are looking for a place, and all, i'the map
What to be of. Haue faith, be not an Infidell.
You know, I am not easie to be gull'd.
I sweare, when I haue my *millions*, else, I'll make
Another *Dutchesse* ; if you ha' not faith.

M^r. FI. You'll ha'too much, I feare, in these false spirits,

FIT. Spirits? O, no such thing ! wife ! wit, mere wit !
This man defies the *Diuell*, and all his works !
He dos't by *Ingine*, and devises, hee !
He has his winged ploughes, that goe with sailes,
Will plough you forty acres, at once ! and mills,
Will spout you water, ten miles off ! All *Crowland*
Is ours, wife ; and the fens, from vs, in *Norfolke*,
To the vtmost bound of *Lincoln-shire* ! we haue view'd it,
And measur'd it within all ; by the scale !
The richest tract of land, Love, i'the kingdome !
There will be made seuentene, or eightene *millions* ;
Or more, as't may be handled ! wherefore, thinke,
Sweet heart, if th'haft a fancy to one place,
More then another, to be *Dutchesse* of ;
Now, name it : I will ha't, what ere it cost,
(If't will be had for money) either here,
Or'n *France*, or *Italy*. M^r. FI. You ha' strange phantasies !

After a
pause.
He strikes
him agains
and agains.

Diuell goes
out.

ACT. II. SCENE. IV.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTRELL.
INGINE.

VVHere are you, Sir? FIT. I see thou hast no *talens*
This way, wife. Up to thy gallery; doe, Chuck,
Leave vs to talke of it, who understand it.

MER. I thinke we ha' found a place to fit you, now, Sir.
Gloc'ster. FIT. O, no, I'll none! MER. Why, S^r? FIT. Tis fatall,

MER. That you say right in. Spenser, I thinke, they younger,
Had his last honour thence. But, he was but Earle.

FIT. I know not that, Sir. But *Thomas of Woodstock*,
I'm sure, was Duke, and he was made away,
At Calice; as *Duke Humphrey* was at Bury:
And *Richard the third*, you know what end he came too.

MER. By m'faith you are cunning i' the *Chronicle*, Sir.

FIT. No, I confess I ha' t from the *Play-booke*,
And thinke they're more *authentique*. ING. That's sure, Sir.

MER. What say you (to this then) FIT. No, a noble house.
Pretends to that. I will doe no man wrong.

MER. Then take one proposition more, and heare it
As past exception. FIT. What's that? MER. To be
Duke of those lands, you shall recover: take
Your title, thence, Sir, *Duke of the Drown'd Lands*,
Or *Drown'd-Land*. FIT. Ha? that last has a good sound!
I like it well. The *Duke of Drown'd Land*? ING. Yes;
It goes like *Green-land*, Sir, if you marke it. MER. I,
And drawing thus your honour from the worke,
You make the reputation of that, greater;

And stay't the longer i' your name. FIT. 'Tis true.
Drown'd-Lands will liue in *Drown'd-Land*! MER. Yes, when you
Ha' no foote left; as that must be, Sir, one day.
And, though it tarry in your heyres, some *forty*,
Fifty descents, the longer liuer, at last, yet,
Must thrust 'hem out on't: if no quirk in law,
Or odde *Vice* o' their owne not do it first.
Wee see those changes, daily: the faire lands,
That were the *Clyents*, are the *Lawyers*, now:
And those rich Mannors, there, of good man *Taylors*,
Had once more wood vpon 'hem, then the yard,

He whispers
him of a
place.

By

By which th' were measur'd out for the last purchase.
Nature hath these vicissitudes. Shee makes
No man a state of perpetuity, Sir.

FIT. Yo'are i'the right. Let's in then, and conclude.
I my sight, againe? I'll talke with you, anon.

*Hee spies
Diuell.*

ACT. II. SCENE. V.

P V. G.

Svre hee will geld mee, if I stay: or worse,
Pluck out my tongue, one o'the two. This Feode,
There is no trusting of him: and to quit him,
Were a contempt against my *Chiefe*, past pardon.
It was a shrewd disheartning this, at first!
Who would ha' thought a woman so well harness'd,
Or rather well-caparison'd, indeed,
That weares such petticoates, and lace to her smocks,
Broad seaming laces (as I see 'hem hang there)
And garters which are lost, if shee can shew 'hem,
Could ha' done this? *Hell!* why is shee so braue?
It cannot be to please *Duke Dottrel*, sure,
Nor the dull pictures, in her gallery,
Nor her owne deare reflection, in her glasse;
Yet that may be: I haue knowne many of 'hem,
Beginne their pleasure, but none end it, there:
(That I consider, as I goe a long with it)
They may, for want of better company,
Or that they thinke the better, spend an houre;
Two, three, or four, discoursing with their shaddow:
But sure they haue a farther speculation.
No woman drest with so much care, and study,
Doth dresse her selfe in vaine. I'll vexe this *probleme*,
A little more, before I leaue it, sure.

A C T.

ACT. II. SCENE. VI.

VVITTI POL. MANLY. Mistresse FITZ-
DOTTREL. PVG.

His was a fortune, happy aboue thought,
That this should proue thy chamber; which I feard
Would be my greatest trouble! this must be
The very window, and that the roome. MAN. It is.
I now remember, I haue often seene there
A woman, but I never mark'd her much. (and then,
VVIT. VWhere was your soule, friend? MAN. Faith, but now,
Awake vnto those obiects. WIT. You pretend so.
Let mee not liue, if I am not in loue
More with her wit, for this direction, now,
Then with her forme, though I ha' prais'd that prettily,
Since I saw her, and you, to day. Read those.
They'll goe vnto the ayre you loue so well.
Try hem vnto the note, may be the musique
Will call her sooner; light, shee's here! Sing quickly.

MR. FIT. Either he vnderstood him not: or else,
The fellow was not faithfull in deliuerie,
Of what I bad. And, I am iustly pay'd,
That might haue made my profit of his seruice,
But, by mis-taking, hauedrawne on his enuy,
And done the worse defeate vpon my selfe.
How! Musique? then he may be there: and is sure.

Manly sings,
Pug enters
perceives it.

PVG. O! Is it so? Is there the enter. view?
Haue I drawne to you, at last, my cuanning Lady?
The Divell is an Asse! foold oft! and beaten!
Nay, made an instrument! and could not sent it!
Well, since yo' haue showne the malice of a woman,
No lesse then her true wit, and learning, Mistresse,
I'll try, if little Pug haue the malignity
To recompence it, and so saue his danger.
'Tis not the paine, but the discredite of it,
The Divell should not keepe a body intire.

WIT. Away, fall backe, she comes. MAN. I'll leaue you, Sir,
The Master of my chamber. I haue businesse. (faire colours,
VVIT. M^r! M^r. FI. You make me paint, Sr. WIT. The're
Lady, and naturall! I did receive

Some

Some commands from you, lately, gentle *Lady*,
But so perplex'd, and wrap'd in the deliury,
As I may feare t'have mis-interpreted :
But must make suit still, to be neere your grace.

M^r. Fⁱ. Who is there with you, S^r? Wⁱ. T. None, but my selfe.
It falls out, *Lady*, to be a deare friends lodging.
Wherein there's some conspiracy of fortune
With your poore seruants blest affections.

M^r. Fⁱ. Who was it sung? Wⁱ. T. He, *Lady*, but hee's gone,
Upon my entreaty of him, seeing you
Approach the window. Neither need you doubt him,
If he were here. He is too much a gentleman.

M^r. Fⁱ. Sir, if you iudge me by this simple action,
And by the outward habite, and complexion
Of easinelle, it hath, to your designe ;
You may with Iustice, say, I am a woman :
And a strange woman. But when you shall please,
To bring but that concurrence of my fortune,
To memory, which to day your selfe did vrge :
It may beget some fauour like excuse,
Though none like reason. Wⁱ. T. No, my tune-full Mistresse ?
Then, surely, *Lone* hath none ; nor *Beauty* any ;
Nor *Nature* violenced, in both these :

With all whose gentle tongues you speake, at once.
I thought I had inough remou'd already,
That scruple from your brest, and left yo' all reason ;
When, through my mornings perspective I shewd you
A man so aboue excuse, as he is the cause,
Why any thing is to be done vpon him :
And nothing call'd an iniury, mis-plac'd.

I rather, now had hope, to shew you how *Lone*
By his accessies, growes more naturall :
And, what was done, this morning, with such force
Was but deuis'd to serue the pres: nt, then.

That since *Lone* hath the honour to approach
These sister-swelling brests ; and touch this soft,
And rosie hand ; hee hath the skill to draw
Their *Ne&er* forth, with kissing ; and could make
More wanton salt's, from this braue promontory,
Downe to this valley, then the nimble *Roe* ;
Could play the hopping *Sparrow*, 'bout these nets ;
And sporting *Squirell* in these crised groues ;
Bury himselfe in every *Silke-wormes* keli,
Is liere vnrauell'd ; runne into the snare,
Which every hayre is, cast into a curle,
To catch a *Cupid* flying : Bath himselfe
In milke, and roses, here, and dry him, there ;

This Scene
is acted at
two windo's,
as one of two
contiguous
buildings,

He growes
more fami-
liar in his
Court-ship.

plays with
her paps, kis-
ses her
bands, &c.

Warne his cold hands, to play with this smooth, round,
 And well torn'd chin, as with the *Billyard* ball;
 Rowle on these lips, the banks of loue, and there
 At once both plant, and gather kisses. *Lady*,
 Shall I, with what I haue made to day here, call
 All sense to wonder, and all faith to signe
 The mysteries reuealed in your forme?
 And will *Lone* pardon mee the blasphemy
 I vtter'd, when I said, a glasse could speake
 This beauty, or that fooles had power to iudge it?

Doe but looke, on her eyes ! They doe light—
All that Loue's world comprizeth !
Doe but looke on her hayre ! it is bright,
As Loue's starre, when it riseth !
Doe but marke, her fore-head's smotther,
Then words that sooth her !
And from her arched browes, such a grace
Sheds it selfe through the face ;
As alone, there triumphs to the life,
All the gaine, all the good, of the elements strife !

Haue you seene but a bright Lilly grow,
Before rude hands haue touch'd it ?
Haue you mark'd but the fall of the Snow,
Before the soyle bath smach'd it ?
Haue you felt the wooll o'the Beuer ?
Or Swans downe, euer ?
Or, haue smelt o'the bud o'the Bryer ?
*Or the *Nardi* i'the fire ?*
Or, haue tast'd the bag o'the Bee ?
O, so white ! O, so soft ! O, so sweet is shee !

A C T . I I . S C E N E . V I I .

F I T Z - D O T T R E L L . W I T T I P O L . P V G .

*Her bns-
band ap-
peares at
her back.*

IS shee so, Sir? and, I will keepe her so.
 If I know how, or can : that wit of man
 Will doe't, I'll goe no farther. At this windo'
 She shall no more be *buz'd* at. Take your leaue on't.
 If you be sweet meates, wedlock, or sweet flesh,
 All's one : I doe not loue this *hum* about you.

A flye-blowne wife is not so proper, In :

For you, Sr, looke to heare from mee. WIT. So, I doe, Sir.

FIT. No, but in other termes. There's no man offerrs

This to my wife, but paies for't. WIT. That haue I, Sir.

FIT. Nay, then, I tell you, you are. WIT. What am I, Sir?

FIT. Why, that I'll thinke on, when I ha' cut your throat.

WIT. Goe, you are an *Asse*. FIT. I am resolu'd on't, Sir.

WIT. I thinke you are. FIT. To call you to a reckoning.

WIT. Away, you brokers blocke, you p^troperty.

FIT. S'light, if you strike me, I'll strike your Mistresse,

WIT. O ! I could shoothe mine eyes at him, for that, now ;

Or leave my teeth in him, were they cuckolds bane,

Inough to kill him. What prodigious,

Blinde, and most wicked change of fortune's this ?

I ha' no ayre of patience : all my vaines

Swell, and my sinewes start at iniquity of it.

I shall breake, breake. PVG. This for the malice of it,

And my reuenge may passe ! But, now, my conscience

Tells mee, I haue profited the cause of Hell

But little, in the breaking-off their loues.

Which, if some other act of mine repaire not,

I shall haere ill of in my accompt. FIT. O, Bird !

Could you do this ? 'gainst me ? and at this time, now ?

When I was so employ'd, wholly for you,

Drown'd i'my care (more, then the land, I sweare,

I haue hope to win) to make you peere-lesse ? studying,

For footemen for you, fine pac'd huishers, pages,

To serue you o'the knee ; with what Knights wife,

To beare your traine, and fit with your foure women

In councell, and receive intelligences,

From forraigne parts, to dresse you at all pieces !

Y'haue (a'most) turn'd my good affection, to you ;

Sowr'd my sweet thoughts ; all my pure purposes :

I could now finde (i'my very heart) to make

Another, *Lady Duschesse* ; and depose you.

Well, goe your waies in, *Divell*, you haue redeem'd all.

I doe forgiue you. And I'll doe you good.

He speaks
out of his
wines min-
dom.

He strikes
his wife.

The Divell
speaks be-
low.

Fitz-dor-
trel enters
with his wife
as come
down.

ACT. II. SCENE. VIIJ.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. INGINE.
TRAINES.

VVhy ha you these excursions? where ha' you beeene, Sir?

FIT. Where I ha' beeene vex'd a little, with a toy!

MER. O Sir! no toyes must trouble your grave head,
Now it is growing to be great. You must
Be aboue all those things.

FIT. Nay, nay, so I will.

MER. Now you are to'ard the Lord, you must put off
The man, Sir. ING. He saies true. MER. You must do nothing
As you ha'done it heretofore; not knew,
Or salute any man. ING. That was your bed-fellow,
The other moneth. MER. The other moneth? the weeke,
Thou dost not know the priuiledges, *Ingne*,
Follow that Title; nor how swift: To day,
When he has put on his Lords face once, then—

FIT. Sir, for these things I shall doe well enough,
There is no feare of me. But then, my wife is
Such an vntoward thing! she'll neuer learm
How to comport with it! I am out of all
Conceipt, on her behalfe. MER. Best haue her taught, Sir.

FIT. Where? Are there any Schooles for *Ladies*? Is there
An *Academy* for women? I doe know,
For men, there was: I learn'd in it, my selfe,
To make my legges, and doe my postures. ING. Sir.

Doe you remember the conceipt you had—

O'the *Spanish* gowne, at home? MER. Ha! I doe thanke thee,
With all my heart, deare *Ingne*. Sir, there is
A certainte *Lady*, here about the Towne,
An *English* widdow, who hath lately tranell'd,
But shee's call'd the *Spaniard*; cause shee came
Latest from thence: and keepes the *Spanish* habit.
Such a rare woman! all our women heere,
That are of spirit, and fashion flocke, vnto her,
As to their *President*; their *Law*; their *Canon*;
More then they euer did, to *Oracle-Foreman*.
Such rare receipts shee has, Sir, for the face;
Such oyles; such tinctures; such pomatum's;
Such perfumes; med'cines; quintessences, &c.

Ingne
whispers
Merecraft,
Merecraft
turns to
Fitz-dot-
rel.

And such a Mistresse of behaviour ;
 She knowes, from the *Dukes* daughter, to the Doxey,
 What is their due iust : and no more ! FIT. O Sir !
 You please me i'this, more then mine owne greatnessse.
 Where is shee ? Let vs haue her. MER. By your patience,
 We must vse meanes ; cast how to be acquainted —

FIT. Good, S^r, about it. MER. We must think how, first. FIT. O !
 I doe not loue to tarry for a thing,

When I haue a mind to't. You doe not know me.

If you doe offer it. MER. Your wife must send
 Some pretty token to her, with a complement,

And pray to be receiu'd in her good graces,

All the great *Ladies* do't. FIT. She shall, she shall,
 What were it best to be ? MER. Some little toy,

I would not haue it any great matter, Sir :

A *Diamant* ring, of forty or fifty pound,

Would doe it handfomely : and be a gift
 Fit for your wife to send, and her to take.

FIT. I'll goe, and tell my wife on't, streight. MER. Why this
 Is well ! The clothes we haue now : But, where's this *Lady* ?
 If we could get a witty boy, now, *Ingaze* ;

That were an excellent cracke. I could instruct him,
 To the true height. For any thing takes this *dottrel*.

ING. Why, Sir your best will be one o'the players !

MER. No, there's no trustring them. They'll talke on't,
 And tell their *Poets*. ING. What if they doe ? the iest
 will brooke the Stage. But, there be some of 'em

Are very honest Lads. There's *Dicke Robinson*

A very pretty fellow, and comes often

To a Gentleman's chamber, a friends of mine. We had
 The merriest supper of it there, one night,

The Gentleman's Land-lady invited him

To a Goffips feast. Now, be Sir brought *Dick Robinson*,

Drest like a Lawyer's wife, amongst 'hem all ;

(I lent him cloathes) but, to see him behaue it ;

And lay the law ; and carue ; and drinke ynto 'hem ;

And then talke baudy : and send frolicks ! o !

It would haue burst your buttons, or not left you

A scame. MER. They say hee's an ingenious youth !

ING. O Sir ! and dresses himselfe, the best ! beyond
 Forty o'your very *Ladies* ! did you ne'r see him ?

MER. No, I do seldome see those toyes. But think you,
 I hat we may haue him ? ING. Sir, the young Gentleman
 tell you of, can command him. Shall I attempt it ?

MER. Yes, doe it. FIT. S'light, I cannot get my wife
 To part with a ring, on any termes : and yet,
 The sullen *Monkey* has two. MER. It were'gaint reason,

Fitz-doe-
 trel goes
 on.

Enter a-
 gains.

That you should vrge it; Sir, send to a Gold-smith,
 Let not her lose by't. FIT. How do's she lose by't?
 Is't not for her? MER. Make it your owne bountie,
 It will ha' the better successe; what is a matter
 Offiftsy pound to you, Sr. FIT. I haue but a hundred
 Pieces, to shew here; that I would not breake—

MER. You shall ha' credit, Sir. I'll send a ticket
 Vnto my Gold-smith. Heer, my man comes too,
 To carry it fitly. How now, *Traines*? What birds?

TRA. Your Cousin *Ener-ill* met me, and has beat mee,
 Because I would not tell him where you were:
 I think he has dogd me to the house too. FIT. Well—
 You shall goe out at the back-doore, then, *Traines*.
 You must get *Guilt-head* hither, by some meanes:

TRA. 'Tis impossible! FIT. Tell him, we haue *venison*,
 I'll g' him a piece, and send his wife a *Pheasant*.

TRA. A Forrest moues not, till that *forty* pound,
 Yo' had of him, last, be pai'd. He keepes more stirre,
 For that same petty summe, then for your bond
 Of *sixte*; and *Statute* of *eight* hundred! FIT. Tell him
 Wee'll hedge in that. Cry vp *Fitz-dottred* to him,
 Double his price: Make him a man of mettall.

TRA. That will not need, his bond is currant inough.

Traines en-
ters.

ACT.



ACT. III. SCENE. I.

GVILT-HEAD. PL V T A R C H V S.



Li this is to make you a Gentleman : (you
I'll haue you learne, Sonne. Wherefore haue I plac'd
With S. Poul Either-side, but to haue so much Law
To keepe your owne ? Besides, he is a *Inſiſce*,
Here i' the Towne ; and dwelling, Sonne, with him,
You shal learne that in a yeere, shall be worth twenty
Of hauing stay'd you at *Oxford*, or at *Cambridge*,
Or ſending you to the *Innes of Court*, or *France*.
I am call'd for now in haste, by Master *Meere-craft*
To truſt Master *Fitz-dottrel*, a good man :
I haue inquir'd him, eightene hundred a yeere,
(His name is currant) for a diamant ring
Of forty, ſhall not be worth thirty (thats gain'd)
And this is to make you a Gentleman !

PLV. O, but good father, you truſt too much ! GVI. Boy, boy,
We liue, by finding fooles out, to be truſted.
Our ſhop-bookeſ are our paſtures, our corn-groundſ,
We lay 'kem op'n, for them to come into :
And when wee haue 'hem there, wee driue 'hem vp
In r'one of our two Pounds, the *Compters*, ſtreight,
And this is to make you a Gentleman !
Wee Citizens never truſt, but wee doe coozen :
For, if our debtors pay, wee coozen them ;
And if they doe not, then we coozen our ſelues.
But that's a hazard euery one muſt runne,
That hopes to make his Sonne a Gentleman !

PLV. I doe not wiſh to be one, truely, Father.
In a deſcent, or two, wee come to be
Iuſt 'i their ſtate, fit to be coozend, like 'hem.
And I had rather ha' tarryed i' your trade :

For,

For, since the *Gentry* scorne the City so much,
Me thinkes we should in time, holding together,
And matching in our owne tribes, as they say,
Hau got an *Act* of *Common Councell*, for it,
That we might coozen them out of *rerum natura*.

GVI. I, if we had an *Act* first to forbid
The marrying of our wealthy heyres vnto 'hem :
And daughters, with such lauish portions.
That confounds all. PLV. And makes a *Mongrel* breed, Father.
And when they haue your money, then they laugh at you :
Or kick you downe the stayres. I cannot abide 'hem.
I would faine haue 'hem coozen'd, but not trusted.

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

MERE-CRAFT. GUILT-HEAD. FITZ-
DOTTRELL. PLUTARCHVS.

O, is he come ! I knew he would not faile me.
Welcome, good *Guilt-head*, I must ha' you doe
A noble Gentleman, a courtesie, here :
In a mere toy (some pretty Ring, or Iewell)
Offifty, or threescore pound (Make it a hundred,
And hedge in the last forty, that I owe you,
And your owne price for the Ring) He's a good man, Sir,
And you may hap' see him a great one ! Hee,
Is likely to bestow hundreds, and thousands,
Wi'you ; if you can humour him. A great prince
He will be shortly. What doe you say ? GVI. In truth, Sir
I cannot. 'T has beene a long vacation with vs,

FIT. Of what, I pray thee ? of wit ? or honesty ?
Those are your Citizens long vacations.

PLV. Good Father do not trust 'hem. MER. Nay, *Thom. Guilt-head*.
He will not buy a courtesie and begge it :
He'll rather pay, then pray. If you doe for him,
You must doe cheerefully. His credit, Sir,
Is not yet prostitute ! Who's this ? thy sonne ?
A pretty youth, what's his name ? PLV. *Plutarchus*, Sir.

MER. *Plutarchus* ! How came that about ? GVI. That yeere Sir,
That I begot him, I bought *Plutarch*'s liues,
And fell f' in loue with the booke, as I call'd my sonne
By 'his name ; In hope he should be like him :

And

And write the liues of our great men! MER. I'the City?
And you do breed him, there? GVI. His minde, Sir, lies
Much to that way. MER. Why, then, he is i'the right way.

GVI. But, now, I had rather get him a good wife,
And plant him i'the countrey; there to vse
The blessing I shall leaue him: MER. Out vpon't!
And lose the laudable meanes, thou hast at home, heere,
T'aduance, and make him a young Alderman?
Buy him a Captaines place, for shame; and let him
Into the world, early, and with his plume,
And Scarfes, march through Cheapside, or along Cornhill,
And by the vertue of thole, draw downe a wife
There from a windo', worth ten thousand pound!
Get him the posture booke, and's leaden men,
To set vpon a table, 'gainst his Mistresse
Chance to come by, that hee may draw her in,
And shew her Finsbury battells. GVI. I haue plac'd him
With Justice Eytherside, to get so much law—

MER. As thou hast conscience. Come, come, thou dost wrong
Pretty Plutarchus, who had not his name,
For nothing: but was borne to traine the youth
Of London, in the military truth—
That way his Genius lies. My Cousin Euerill!

A C T . I I I . S C E N E . I I J .

E Y E R - I L L . P L V T A R C H V S . G V I L T - H E A D .
M E R E - C R A F T . F I T Z D O T T R E L L .

O, are you heere, Sir? pray you let vs whisper.
PLV. Father, deare Father, trust him if you loue mee.
GVI. Why, I doe meane it, boy; but, what I doe,
Must not come easily from mee: Wee must deale
With Courtiers, boy, as Courtiers deale with vs.
If I haue a Busynesse there, with any of them,
Why, I must wait, I am sure on't, Son: and though
My Lord dispatch me, yet his worshipfull man—
Will keepe me for his sport, a moneth, or two,
To shew mee with my fellow Cittizens.
I must make his traine long, and full, one quarter;
And helpe the spectacle of his greatnessse. There,
Nothing is done at once, but iniuries, boy:

And they come head-long ! all their good turnes moue not,
Or very slowly. Pl. V. Yet sweet father, trust him.

GVI. Well, I will thinke. Ev. Come, you must do't, Sir.
I am vndone else, and your *Lady Tayle-bush*
Has sent for mee to dinner, and my cloaths
Are all at pawne. I had sent out this morning,
Before I heard you were come to towne, some twenty
Of my epistles, and no one returne—

MER. Why, I ha' told you o'this. This comes of wearing
Scarlet, gold lace, and cut-works ! your fine gartring !
With your blowne roses, Cousin ! and your eating
Pheasants, and *Godwit*, here in *London* ! haunting
The *Globes*, and *Mermaides* ! wedging in with *Lords*,
Still at the table ! and affecting lechery,
In velvet ! where could you ha' contented your selfe
With cheese, salt-butter, and a pickled hering,
I'the Low-countries; there worne cloth, and fustian !
Beene satisfied with a leape o' your Host's daughter,
In garrison, a wench of a stoter ! or,
Your *Sutlers* wife, i'the leaguer, of two blanks !
You neuer, then, had runne vpon this flat,
To write your letters missive, and send out
Your priuy scales, that thus haue frighted off
All your acquaintance; that they shun you at distance,
VVorse, then you do the Baillies ! Ev. Pox vpon you.
I come not to you for counsell, I lacke money.

MER. You doe not thinke, what you owe me already ? Ev. I ?
They owe you, that meane to pay you. I'll besworne,
I neuer meant it. Come, you will project,
I shall vndoe your practice, for this moneth else :
You know mee. MER. I, yo' are a right sweet nature !

Ev. Well, that's all one ! MER. You'll leaue this Empire, one day ?
You will not euer hate this tribute payd,
Your scepter o'the sword ? Ev. Tye vp your wit,
Doe, and prouoke me not — MER. Will you, Sir, helpe,
To what I shall prouoke another for you ?

Ev. I cannot tell ; try me : I thinke I am not
So vtterly, of an ore vn-to-be-melted,
But I can doe my selfe good, on occasions.

MER. Strike in then, for your part. Mr. *Fix-dartrel*
If I transgresse in point of manners, afford mee
Your best construction; I must beg my freedome
From your affayres, this day. FIR. How, S^r. MER. It is
In succour of this Gentleman's occasions,
My kins-man — FIR. You'll not do me that affront, S^r.

MER. I am sory you should so interpret it,
But, Sir, it stands vpon his being inuested

Mere-craft
tells him of
his faults.

He repines,

and threatens him.

They joyne.

Mere-craft
pretends busi-
nessse.

In a new office, hee has stood for, long :
Master of the Dependances ! A place
 Of my projection too, Sir, and hath met
 Much opposition ; but the State, now, see's
 That great necessity of it, as after all
 Their writing, and their speaking, against *Duells* ;
 They haue erected it. His booke is drawne—
 For, since, there will be differences, daily,
 'Twixt Gentlemen; and that the roaring manner
 Is growne offensive ; that those few, we call
 The ciuill men o'the sword, abhorre the vapours ;
 They shall refer now, hither, for their *process* ;
 And such as trespass 'gainst the rule of *Court*,
 Are to be fin'd— **Fit.** In troth, a pretty place !

Mere-craft
describes the
office of
Depen-
dancy.

Mer. A kinde of arbitrarie *Court* 'twill be, Sir.

Fit. I shall haue matter for it, I beleue,
 Ere it be long : I had a distast. **Mer.** But now, Sir,
 My learned councell, they must haue a feeling,
 They'll part, Sir, with no booke, without the hand-gout
 Be oyld, and I must furnish. It's be money,
 To me freight. I am *Mine*, *Mint* and *Exchequer*,
 To supply all. What is't ? a hundred pound ?

Eve. No, th' *Harpey*, now, stands on a hundred pieces.

Mer. Why, he must haue 'hem, if he will. To morrow, Sir,
 Will equally serue your occasion's.—
 And therefore, let me obtaine, that you will yeeld
 To timing a poore Gentleman's distresses,
 In termes of hazard.— **Fit.** By no meanes ! **Mer.** I must
 Get him this money, and will.— **Fit.** Sir, I protest,
 I'd rather stand engag'd for it my selfe :
 Then you should leaue mee. **Mer.** O good Sir, do you thinke
 So courstly of our manners, that we would,
 For any need of ours, be prest to take it :
 Though you be pleas'd to offer it. **Fit.** Why, by heauen,
 I meane it ! **Mer.** I can never beleue leſſe.
 But wee, Sir, must preserue our dignity,
 As you doe publish yours. By your faire leaue, Sir.

Fit. As I am a Gentleman, if you doe offer
 To leaue mee now, or if you doe refuse mee,
 I will not think you loue mee. **Mer.** Sir, I honour you.
 And with iust reason, for these noble notes,
 Of the nobility, you pretend too ! But, Sir—
 I would know, why ? a motiue (he a stranger)
 You should doe this ? (Eve. You'll mar all with your finenesse)

Fit. Why, that's all one, if 'twere, Sir, but my fancy.
 But I haue a *Businesse*, that perhaps I'd haue
 Brought to his *office*. **Mer.** O, Sir ! I haue done, then ;

Hee offers to
be gone.

If hee can be made profitable, to you.

FIT. Yes, and it shall be one of my ambitions
To haue it the first *Businesse*? May I not?

EVE. So you doe meane to make't, a perfect *Businesse*.

FIT. Nay, I'll doe that, affuse you: shew me once.

MER. Sir, it concernes, the first be a perfect *Businesse*,
For his owne honour! EVE. I, and th'reputation
Too, of my place. FIT. Why, why doe I take this course, else?
I am not altogether, an *Aſſe*, good Gentlemen,
Wherfore should I consult you? doe you thinke?
To make a song on't? How's your manner? tell vs.

MER. Doe ſatisfie him: give him the whole course.

EVE. First, by request, or otherwise, you offer
Your *Businesſe* to the *Court*: wherein you craue:
The iudgement of the *Master* and the *Assistants*.

FIT. Well, that's done, now, what doe you vpon it?

EVE. We ſtreight Sir, haue recourse to the ſpring-head;
Visit the ground; and, ſo diſclose the nature:
If it will carry, or no. If wee doe finde,
By our proportions it is like to proue
A ſullen, and blacke *Businesſe* That it be
Incorrigible; and out of, treaty; then,
We ſile it, a *Dependance*! FIT. So 'tis fil'd.
What followes? I doe loue the order of theſe things.

EVE. We then aduife the party, if he be
A man of meanes, and haunings, that forth-with,
He ſettle his estate: if not, at leaſt
That he pretend it. For, by that, the world
Takes notice, that it now is a *Dependance*.
And this we call, Sir, *Publication*.

FIT. Very ſufficient! After *Publication*, now?

EVE. Then we grant out our *Proceſſe*, which is diuers;
Eyther by *Chartell*, Sir, or *ore-tenus*,
Wherin the *Challenger*, and *Challengee*
Or (with your *Spaniard*) your *Pronocador*,
And *Pronocado*, haue their ſeverall courses—

FIT. I haue enough on't! for an hundred pieces?
Yes, for two hundred, vnder-write me, doe.
Your man will take my bond? MER. That he will, ſure,
But, theſe ſame *Citizens*, they are ſuch sharks!
There's an old debt of forty, I ga' my word
For one is runne away, to the *Bermudas*,
And he will hooke in that, or he wi' not doe.

FIT. Why, let him. That and the ring, and a hundred pieces,
Will all but make two hundred? MER. No, no more, Sir.
What ready *Ariſtmetique* you haue? doe you heare?
A pretty mornings worke for you, this? Do it,

He whiſpers Fitz-dottrell aſſide.

And then Guilt-head

You

You shall ha' twenty pound on't. GVI. Twenty pieces ?
(PLV. Good Father, do't) MER. You will hooke still ? well,
Shew vs your ring. You could not ha' done this, now
With gentlenesse, at first, wee might ha' thank'd you ?
But groane, and ha' you courtesies come from you
Like a hard stoole, and stinke ? A man may draw
Your teeth out easier, then your money ? Come,
Were little *Guilt-head* heere, no better a nature,
I should ne'r loue him, that could pull his lips off, now !
Was not thy mother a Gentlewoman ? PLV. Yes, Sir.

MER. And went to the Court at *Christmas*, and *S^t. Georges-tide*?
And lent the *Lords-men*, *chaines*? PLV. *Ofgold*, and *pearle*, *S^r.*

MER. I knew, thou must take, after some body !
Thou could'st not be else. This was no shop-looke !
I'll ha' thee *Captaine Gailes-head*, and march vp,
And take in *Pimlico*,, and kill the bush,
At euery tauerne ! Thou shalt haue a wife,
If smocks will mount, boy. How now ? you ha' there now
Some *Bristo-stone*, or *Cornish* counterfeit
You'd put vpon vs. G.V.I. No, Sir, I assure you:
Looke on his luster ! hee will speake himselfe !
I'le gi' you leaue to put him i'the Mill,
H'is no great, large stone, but a true *Paragon*,
H'as all his corners, view him well. MER. H'is yellow.

Gvi. Vpo'my faith, Sr, o'the right black-water,
And very deepe! H'is set without a foyle, too.
Here's one o'the yellow-water, I'll sell cheape.

MER. And what do you valew this, at thirty pound?
Cvi. No, Sir, he cost me forty, ere he was set.
MER. Turnings, you meane? I know ~~not~~ *Equinoocks*:
You are growne the better Father ~~and~~ *em* stale.
Well, where't must goe, 'twas ~~not~~ *and*, therefore,
Looke you't be right. You thinke ~~not~~ *the* fifti pound for't,
Not a denier more! And, be ~~not~~ *and* would
Haue things dispatch'd, Sir, I'll ~~not~~ *goe* presently,
Inquire out this *Lady*. If you thinke good, Sir.
Hauing an hundred pieces ready, you may
Part with those, now, to serue my kinsmans turnes,
That he may wait vpon you, anon, the freer;
And take 'hem when you ha' seal'd, a gaine, of *Gnills-head*

FIT. I care not if I do! MER. And dispatch all, Together. FIT. There, th'are iust: a hundred pieces! I' ha'told 'em ouer, twice a day, these two moneths.

M R. Well, go, and seale then, Sir, make your returne
As speedy as you can. EVE. Come gi' mee. M R. Soft, Sir,

EVE. Mary, and faire too, then. I'll no delaying, Sir.

MER. But, you will hear? EV. Yes, when I have my dividend.

He pulls
Plutarchus
by the lips.

He turns to
old Gilt-
head,

Now to
Fitz-dot-
erel.

Hec turns
homewards to-
gether. And
Euerill and
hee fall so
sore.

MER. Theres forty pieces for you. EVE. What is this for?

MER. Your halfe. You know, that *Guilt-head* must ha' twenty.

EVE. And what's your ring there? shall I ha' none o' that?

MER. O, that's to be giuen to a *Lady*!

EVE. Is't so? MER. By that good light, it is. EV. Come, gi'me Ten pieces more, then. MER. Why? EV. For *Guilt-head*? Sir, Do'you thinke, I'll 'low him any such share:

MER. You must.

EVE. Must I? Doe you your musts, Sir, I'll doe mine, You wi'not part with the whole, Sir? Will you? Goe too.

Gi'me ten pieces! MER. By what law, doe you this?

EVE. E'n Lyon-law, Sir, I must roare else. MER. Good!

EVE. Yo' haue heard, how th' *Aſſe* made his diuisions, wisely?

MER. And, I am he: I thanke you. EV. Much good do you, Sr.

MER. I shall be rid o'this tyranny, one day? EVE. Not, While you doe eat, and lie, about the towne, here;

And coozen i'your bullions; and I stand

Your name of credit, and compound your businesſe;

Adiourne your beatings every terme; and make

New parties for your projects. I haue, now,

A pretty tasque, of it, to hold you in

Wi' your *Lady Tayle-bush*: but the toy will be,

How we shal both come off? MER. Leaue you your doubting.

And doe your portion, what's assign'd you: I

Never fail'd yet. EVE. With reference to your aýdes?

You'll still be vntankfull. Where shall I meeete you, anon?

You ha' some feate to doe alone, now, I see;

You wish me gone, well, I will finde you out,

And bring you after to the audit. MER. S'light!

There's *Ingines* share too, I had forgot! This raigne

Is too-too-vnsuportable! I must

Quit my selfe of this vassalage! *Ingine!* welcome.

ACT.IIJ. SCENE.IV.

MERE-CRAFT. INGINE. VVITTIOL.

HOW goes the cry? ING. Excellent well! MER. Wil't do?

VVhere's *Robinson*? ING. Here is the Gentleman, Sir.

VVill undertake t'himselfe. I haue acquainted him, (him,

MER. VVhy did you so? ING. VVhy, *Robinson* would ha'told

You know. And hee's a pleasant wit! will hurr

Nothing you purpose. Then, he is of opinion,

That

That *Robinson* might want audacity,
She being such a gallant. Now, hee has beeue,
In *Spaine*, and knowes the fashions there ; and can
Discourse ; and being but mirth (hee saies) leue much,
To his care : MER. But he is too tall ! ING. For that,
He has the brauelt deuice ! (you'll loue him for't)
To say, he weares *Cioppinos* : and they doe so
In *Spaine*. And *Robinson*'s as tall, as hee.

He excepes
at his pla-
tare.

MER. Is he so ? ING. Euerie ior. MER. Nay, I had rather
To trust a Gentleman with it, o'the two.

ING. Pray you goe to him, then, Sir, and salute him.

MER. Sir, my friend *Ingine* has acquainted you
With a strange businesse, here. WIT. A merry one, Sir.
The Duke of *Drown'd-land*, and his *Duchesse* ? MER. Yes, Sir.
Now, that the *Coniswers* ha' laid him by,
I ha' made bold, to borrow him a while ;

WIT. With purpose, yet, to put him out I hope
To his best vse ? MER. Yes, Sir. WIT. For that small part,
That I am trusted with, put off your care :
I would not lose to doe it, for the mirth,
Will follow of it ; and well, I haue a fancy.

MER. Sir, that will make it well. WIT. You will report it so.
Where must I haue my dressing ? ING. At my house, Sir.

MER. Yourshall haue caution, Sir, for what he yeelds,
To six pence. WIT. You shall pardon me, I will share, Sir,
I' your spurs, onely : nothing i' your purchase.
But you must furnish mee with complements,
To th' manner of *Spaine* ; my coach, my guardes duenn'as ;

MER. *Ingine*'s your *Pro'udor*. But, Sir, I must
(Now I haue entred trust wi' you, thus farre)
Secure still i' your quality, acquaint you
With somewhat, beyond this. The place, design'd
To be the *Scene*, for this our mery matter,
Because it must haue countenance of women,
To draw discourse, and offer it, is hereby,
At the *Lady Taille-bushes*. WIT. I know her, Sir,
And her Gentleman busher. MER. Mr *Ambler* ? WIT. Yes, Sir.

MER. Sir, It shall be no shame to mee, to confess
To you, that wee poore Gentlemen, that want acres,
Must for our needs, turne fooles vp, and plough *Ladies*
Sometimes, to try what glebe they are : and this
Is no vnfruicfull piece. She, and I now,
Are on a project, for the fact, and venting
Of a new kinde of *fucus* (paint, for *Ladies*)
To serue the kingdome : wherein shoo her selfe
Hath trauell'd, specially, by way of seruice
Vnto her sexe, and hopes to get the *Monopoly*,

As

As the reward, of her inuention.

WIT. What is her end, in this? EV. Merely ambition,
Sir, to grow great, and court it with the secret:

Though shee pretend some other. For, she's dealing,
Already, vpon caution for the shares,

And MR. Ambler, is hee nam'd Examiner
For the ingredients; and the Register

Of what is vented; and shall keepe the Office.
Now, it shee breake with you, of this (as I

Must make the leading thred to your acquaintance,
That, how experience gotten i' your being

Abroad, will helpe our businesse) thinke of some
Pretty additio[n]s, but to keepe her floting:

It may be, shee will offer you a part,

Any strange names of— WIT. Sir, I haue my instructions.
Is it not high time to be making ready?

MR. Yes, Sir, ING. The foole's in sight, Dostrel. MR. Away,

(then.

A C T . I I J . S C E N E . V .

M E R E - C R A F T . F I T Z - D O T T R E L . P y g .

R Eturn'd so soone? FIT. Yes, here's the ring: I ha'scal'd.
But there's not so much gold in all the row, he saies—

Till't come fro' the Mint. 'Tis tane vp for the gamesters. (it.

MR. There's a shop-shift! plague on'hem. FIT. He do's sweare

MR. He'll sweare, and for'weare too, it is his trade,
You shold not haue left him. FIT. S'lid, I can goe backe,
And beat him, yet. MR. No, now let him alone.

FIT. I was so earnest, after the maine Businesse,
To haue this ring, gone. MR. True, and 'tis time.
I haue learn'd, Sir, sin' you went, her Lady ship eats
With the Lady Tail-bush, here, hard by. FIT. I'the lane here?

MR. Yes, if you had a scruant, now of presence,
Well cloth'd, and of an aery voluble tongue,
Neither too bigge, or little for his mouth,
That could deliver your wiues complement;
To send along withall. FIT. I haue one Sir,
A very handsome, gentleman-like fellow,
That I doe meane to make my Dutchesse Vsher—
I entertain'd him, but this morning, too:
I'll call him to you. The worst of him, is his name!

MR.

MER. She'll take no note of that, but of his message.

FIT. *Diuell!* How like you him, Sir. Pace, go a little. Let's see you mee. MER. He'll serve, Sr, giue it him : And let him goe along with mee, I'll helpe

To preteat him, and it. FIT. Locke, you doe sirah, Discharge this well, as you expect your place.

Do you heare, goe on, come off with all your honours. I would faine see him, do it. MER. Trust him, with it,

FIT. Remember kissing of your hand, and answering With the *French*-time, in flexure of your body. I could now so instruct him — and for his words —

MER. I'll put them in his mouth. FIT. O, but I haue 'hem O'the very *Academies*. MER. Sir, you'll haue vse for 'hem, Anon, your selfe, I warrant you : after dinner, When you are call'd. FIT. S'light, that'll be iust *play*-time. It cannot be, I must not lose the *play* !

MER. Sir, but you must, if she appoint to sit, And, shee's president. FIT. S'lid, it is the *Diuell* !

MER. And, 'twere his *Damme* too, you must now apply Your selfe, Sir, to this, wholly ; or lose all.

FIT. If I could but see a piece — MER. Sr. Neuer think on't.

FIT. Come but to one act, and I did not care — But to be seene to rise, and goe away, To vex the Players, and to punish their *Poet* — Keepe him in awe ! MER. But say, that he be one, Wi'not be aw'd ! but laugh at you. How then ?

FIT. Then he shall pay for his dinner himselfe. MER. Perhaps, He would doe that twice, rather then thanke you. Come, get the *Diuell* out of your head, my *Lord*, (I'll call you so in priuate still) and take Your *Lord ship* i' your minde. You were, sweete *Lord*, In talke to bring a *Business* to the *Office*. FIT. Yes.

MER. Why should not you, Sr, carry it o'your selfe, Before the *Office* be vp ? and shew the world, You had no need of any mans direction ; In point, Sir, of sufficiency. I speake Against a kitesman, but as one that tenders Your graces good. FIT. I thanke you ; to proceed —

MER. To *Publications* ; ha your *Deed* drawne presently. And leaue a blancke to put in your *Feoffees* One, two, or more, as you see cause — FIT. I thank you Heartily, I doe thanke you. Not a word more, I pray you, as you loue mee. Let mee alone. That I could not thinke o'this, as well, as hee ?

O, I could beat my infinite blocke-head — !

MER. Come, we must this way. Pvg. How far is't. MER. Hard Ouer the way. Now, to atchieue this ring,

He schemes
humbisPug.

Gives him
instructions.

He longs to
see the play.

Because it is
the *Diuell*.

He puts him
in mind of his
quarrell.

He is angry
with him-
selfe.

He thinkes
how to coo-
zen the bea-
rer, of the
ring.

Queftions
his man.

Offersto
kiffe.

She runs in,
in baſte: he
folloſes.

Pug leaps
at Pitfall's
comming in.

Traine's in
bis falſe
cloak, brings
a falſe mes-
ſage, and gets
the ring.

Mere-craft
folloſes pre-
ſently, and
askes for it.
Ent. Train's
as himſelfe
againe.

From this ſame fellow, that is to affuſe it;
Before hee give it. Though my *Spaniſh Lady*,
Be a young Gentleman of meanes, and ſcorne
To ſhare, as hee doth ſay, I doe not know
How ſuſh a toy may tempt his *Lady-ſhip*:
And therefore, I thinke beſt, it be aduert.

PVG. Sir, be the *Ladies* braue, wee goe vnto?

MER. O, yes. PVG. And ſhall I ſee hem, and ſpeakē to 'hem?

MER. What elſe? ha' you your falſe-beard about you? *Traines*.

TRA. Yes, MER. And is this one of your double Cloakes?

TRA. The beſt of 'hem. MER. Be ready then. Sweet Pitfall!

ACT. IIJ. SCENE. VI.

MERE-CRAFT. PITFALL. PVG. TRAINES.

COME, I muſt buſſe — PIT. Away. MER. I'll ſet thee vp again.
Neuer feare that: canſt thou get ne'r a bird?
No *Thrushes* hungry? Stay, till cold weather come,
I'll help thee to an *Onſell*, or, a *Field-fare*.

Who's within, with *Madame*? PIT. I'll tell you ſtraight.

MER. Please you ſtay here, a while Sir, I'le goe in.

PVG. I doe ſo long to haue a little vencyr,
While I am in this body! I would taſt
Of every ſinne, a little, if it might be
Aifer the maner of man! Sweet-heart! PIT. What would you, Sir?

PVG. Nothing but fall in, to you, be your Black-bird,
My pretty pit (as the Gentleman ſaid) your *Throſtle*:
Lye tame, and takea with you; here's gold!

To buy you ſo much new ſtuffes, from the ſhop,
As I may take the old vp — TRA. You muſt ſend, Sir.

The Gentleman the ring. PVG. There 'tis. Nay looke,
Will you be foolish, Pit, PIT. This is ſtrange rudeneſſe.

PVG. Deare Pit. PIT. I'll call, I ſwear. MER. Where are you, Sir?
Is your ring ready? Goe with me. PVG. I ſent it you.

MER. Me? When? by whom? PVG. A fellow here, e'en now,
Came for it i' your name. MER. I ſent none, ſure.

My meaning euer was, you ſhould deliuer it,
Your iſelfe: So was your Masters charge, you know.

What fellow was it, doe you know him? PVG. Here,
But now, he had it. MER. Saw you any? *Traines*?

TRA. Not I. PVG. The Gentleman ſaw him. MER. Enquire.

PVG.

PVG. I was so earnest vpon her, I mark'd not !
My diuellish *Chief* has put mee here in flesh,
To shame mee ! This dull body I am in,
I perceiue nothing with ! I offer at nothing,
That will succeed ! TRA. Sir, she saw none, she saies.

PVG. *Satan* himselfe, has tane a shape t'abuse me.
It could not be else ! MER. This is aboue strange !
That you should be so retchlesse. What' il you do, Sir ?
How will you answer this, when you are question'd ?

PVG. Run from my flesh, if I could: put off mankind !
This's such a scorne ! and will be a new exerceise,
For my *Arch-Duke* ! Woe to the severall cudgells,
Must suffer, on this backe ! Can you no succours ? Sir ?

MER. Alas ! the vfe of it is so present, PVG. I aske,
Sir, credit for another, but till to morrow ?

MER. There is not so much time, Sir. But how euer,
The Lady is a noble Lady, and will
(To saue a Gentleman from check) be intreated
To say, she ha's receiu'd it. PVG. Do you thinke so ?
Will shee be won ? MER. No doubt, to such an office,
It will be a Lady's brauery, and her pride.

PVG. And not be knowne on't after, vnto him ?
MER. That were a treachery ! Vpon my word,
Be confident. Returne vnto your master,
My *Lady President* sits this after-noone,
Ha's tane the ring, commends her seruices
Vnto your *Lady-Duchesse*. You may lay
She's a ciuill *Lady*, and do's giue her
All her respects, already : Bad you, tell her
She liues, but to receiue her wish'd commandements,
And haue the honor here to kisse her hands :
For which shee'll stay this houre yet. Hasten you
Your *Prince*, away. PVG. And Sir, you will take care
Th'excuse be perfect ? MER. You confesse your feares.
Too much. PVG. The shame is more, I'll quit you of either.

The Diuell
confesseth
him selfe con-
cen'd.

Mere-craft
accuseth
him of negli-
gence.

He akeeth
ayde.

Mere-craft
promiseth
saintly, yet
confers
him.

The Diuel
is doubtfull.



ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. I.

TAILE-BVSH. MERE-CRAFT. MANLY.



Pox vpo' referring to *Commissioners*,
I had rather heare that it were past the seales :
Your *Courtier's* moue so Snaile-like i'your *Businesse*.
Wuld I had not begun wi'you. MER. We must moue,
Madame, in order, by degrees: not iump.

TAY. Why, there was S^r. *John Monie*-man could iump
A *Businesse* quickely. MER. True, hee had great friends,
But, becauise some, sweete *Madame*, can leape ditches,
Wee must not all shunne to goe ouer bridges.
The harder parts, I make account are done:
Now, 'tis referr'd. You are infinitely bound
Vnto the *Ladies*, they ha' so cri'd it vp !

(Lady,

TAY. Doe they like it then? MER. They ha' sent the *Spaniſh*-
To gratulate with you — TAY. I must send 'hem thankes
And some remembrances. MER. That you must, and visit 'hem.
Where's *Ambler*? TAY. . Lost, to day, we cannot heare of him.

MER. Not *Madam*? TAY. No in good faith. They say he lay aſt
At home, to night. And here has fall'n a *Businesſe*
Betweene your *Cousin*, and Master *Manly*, has
Vnquieted vs all. MER. So I heare, *Madame*.
Prav you how was it? TAY. Troth, it but appeares
Ill o'your Kinsmans part. You may haue heard,
That *Manly* is a futor to me, I doubt not :

MER. I gues'd it, *Madame*. TAY. And it seemes, he trusted
Your *Couſin* to let fall ſome faire reports
Of him vnto mee. MER. Which he did ! TAY. So farre
From it, as hee came in, and tooke him rayling
Againſt him. MER. How ! And what ſaid *Manly* to him ?

TAY. Inough, I doe auſſure you : and with that ſcorne
Of him, and the iniury, as I doe wonder
How *Euerill* bore it ! But that guilt vndoe's

He flatters
her.

Many

Many mens valor. MER. Here comes *Manly*. MAN. *Madame*, I'll take my leaue—TAY. You sha' not goe, i' faith. I'll ha' you stay, and see this *Spaniſh* miracle, Of our *English Ladic*. MAN. Let me pray your *Ladifhip*, Lay your commands on me, some other time.

Manly of-
fers to be
gone.

TAY. Now, I protest: and I will haue all piec'd, And friends againe. MAN. It will be but ill solder'd!

TAY. You are too much affected with it. MAN. I cannot *Madame*, but thinke on't for th' iniustice. TAY. Sir, His kinsman here is sorry. MER. Not I, *Madam*, I am no kin to him, wee but call Cousins, And if wee were, Sir, I haue no relation

Mere-craft
denies him.

Vnto his crimes. MAN. You are not vrged with 'hem. I can accuse, Sir, none but mine owne iudgement, For though it were his crime, so to betray mee: I am sure, 'twas more mine owne, at all to trust him. But he, therein, did vſe but his old manners, And sauour strongly what hee was before.

TAY. Come, he will change! MAN. Faith, I must never think it. Nor were it reason in mee to expect That for my sake, hee should put offa nature Hee suck'd in with his milke. It may be *Madam*, Deceiuing trust, is all he has to trust to: If so, I shall be loath, that any hope Of mine, should bate him of his meanes. TAY. Yo'are sharp, Sir. This act may make him honest! MAN. If he were To be made honest, by an act of *Parliament*, I should not alter, i' my faith of him. TAY. *Either-fide!* Welcome, deare *Either-fide!* how hast thou done, good wench? Thou hast beene a stranger! I ha' not seene thee, this weeke,

She spies the
Lady Ey-
ther-fide.

ACT. IIIJ. SCEN. II.

EITHER-SIDE. {To them

Ever your seruant, *Madame*. TAY. Where hast thou beene? I did so long to see thee. EIT. Visiting, and so tyrd! I protest, *Madame*, 'tis a monstrous trouble!

TAY. And so it is. I sweare I must to morrow, Beginne my visits (would they were ouer) at *Court*. It tortures me, to thinke on 'hem. EIT. I doe heare You ha' cause, *Madam*, your sute goes on. TAY. Who told thee?

EYT. One, that can tell: M^r. *Eyther-side*. TAY. O, thy husband! Yes faith, there's life in't, now: It is referr'd. If wee once see it vnder the scales, wench, then, Haue with 'hem for the great *Carroch*, sixe horses, And the two *Coach-men*, with my *Ambler*, barge, And my three women: wee will live, i' faith, The examples o' the towne, and gouerne it. I'le lead the fashion still. EIT. You doe that, now, Sweet *Madame*. TAY. O, but then, I'll euery day Bring vp some new deuice. Thou and I, *Either-side*, Will first be in it, I will giue it thee; And they shall follow vs. Thou shalt, I sweare, Weare euery moneth a new gowne, out of it. (Taile-bush)

EIT. Thanke you good *Madame*. TAY. Pray thee call mee As I thee, *Either-side*; I not loue this, *Madame*.

EYT. Then I protest to you, *Taile-bush*, I am glad Your *Businesse* so succeeds. TAY. Thanke thee, good *Eyther-side*.

EYT. But Master *Either-side* tells me, that he likes (picks. Your other *Businesse* better. TAY. Which? EIT. O'the *Tooth-*

TAY. I neuer heard on't. EIT. Aske M^r. *Mere-craft*.

MER. *Madame*? H'is one, in a word, I'll trust his malice, With any mans credit, I would haue abus'd!

MAN. Sir, if you thinke you doe please mee, in this, You are deceiu'd! MER. No, but because my *Lady*, Nam'd him my kinsman; I would satisfie you, What I thinke of him: and pray you, vpon it To iudge mee! MAN. So I doe: that ill mens friendship, Is as vnfaythfull, as themselues. TAY. Doe you heare? Ha' you a *Businesse* about *Tooth-picks*? MER. Yes, *Madame*. Did I ne'r tell't you? I meant to haue offer'd it

Mere-craft
hath whis-
per'd with
the while.

Your

Your *Lady-ship*, on the perfecting the patient. (picks;

TAY. How is't! MER. For scruing the whole stalle with *Tooth-*
(Somewhat an intricate *Busynesse* to discourse) but—

I shew, how much the Subiect is abus'd,

First, in that one commodity? then what diseases,

And putrefactions in the gummes are bred,

By those are made 'o' adultrate, and false wood?

My plot, for reformation of these, followes.

To haue all *Tooth-picks*, brought vnto an *office*,

There seal'd; and such as counterfeit 'hem, mulcted.

And last, for venting 'hem to haue a booke

Printed, to teach their vse, which euery childe

Shall haue throughout the kingdome, that can read,

And learne to picke his teeth by. Which beginning

Carely to practice, with some other rules,

Of never sleeping with the mouth open, chwing

Some graines of *masticke*, will preserue the breath

Pure, and so free from raynt—ha' what is't? fai'ft thou?

TAY. Good faith, it sounds a very pretty *Busynesse*!

EIT. So M^r. Either-side saies, *Madame*. MER. The *Lady* is come.

TAY. Is she? Good, waite vpon her in. My *Ambler*

Was never so ill absent. *Either-side*,

How doe I looke to day? Am I not drest,

Spruntly? FIT. Yes, verily, *Madame*. TAY. Pox o' *Madame*,

Will you not leaue that? EIT. Yes, good *Taile-bush*. TAY. So?

Sounds not that better? What vile *Fucus* is this,

Thou hast got on? EIT. 'Tis *Pearle*. TAY. *Pearle?* *Oyster-shells*:

As I breath, *Either-side*, I know't. Here comes

(They say) a wonder, sirrah, has beene in *Spaine*!

Will teach vs all! shee's sent to mee, from *Court*.

To gratulate with mee! Pr'y thee, let's obserue her,

What faults she has, that wee may laugh at 'hem,

When she is gone, EIT. That we will heartily, *Tail-bush*.

TAY. O, mee! the very *Infanta* of the *Giants*!

The Pro-
ject for
Tooth-
picks.

Traines his
men whi-
pers him.

She looks in
her glasse

Wittipol
evers.

A C T.

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

MERE-CRAFT. WITTIPOL. {to them.

Wittipol is
drest like a
Spanish
Lady.
Excuses him
selfe for not
kissing.

MER. Here is a noble *Lady, Madame*, come,
From your great friends, at *Court*, to see your *Ladiship*;
And haue the honour of your acquaintance. TAY. Sir.
She do's vs honour. WIT. Pray you, say to her *Ladiship*,
It is the manner of *Spaine*, to imbrace onely,
Neuer to kisse. She will excuse the custome!

TAY. Your vse of it is law. Please you, sweete, *Madame*,
To take a seate. WIT. Yes, *Madame*. I haue had
I he fauour, through a world of faire report
To know your vertues, *Madame*; and in that
Name, haue desir'd the happinesse of presenting
My seruice to your *Ladiship*! TAY. Your loue, *Madame*,
I must not owne it else. WIT. Both are due, *Madame*,
To your great vndertakings. TAY. Great? In troth, *Madame*,
They are my friends, that thinke 'hem any thing:
(If I can doe my sexe (by 'hem) any seruice,
I haue my ends, *Madame*. WIT. And they are noble ones,
That make a multitude beholden, *Madame*:
The common-wealth of *Ladies*, must acknowledge from you.

EIT. Except some eniuious, *Madame*. WIT. Yo're right in that,
Of which race, I encountred some but lately. (*Madame*,
Who ('t seemes) haue studyed reasons to discredit
Your *busynesse*. TAY. How sweet *Madame*. WIT. Nay, the parties
Wi' not be worth your pause— Most ruinous things, *Madame*,
That haue put off all hope of being recover'd
To a degree of handsomenesse. TAY. But their reasons, *Madame*?
I would faine heare. WIT. Some *Madame*, I remember.
They say, that painting quite destroyes the face— (too.

EIT. O, that's an old one, *Madame*. WIT. There are new ones,
Corrupts the breath; hath left so little sweetnesse
In kissing, as 'tis now vs'd, but for fashion:
And shortly will be taken for a punishment.
Decayes the fore-teeth, that should guard the tongue;
And suffers that runne riot euer-lasting!
And (which is worse) some *Ladies* when they meeet
Cannot be merry, and laugh, but they doe spit
In one anothers faces! MAN. I should know

Manly be-
gins to know
him.

This

This voyce, and face too : VVIT. Then they say, 'tis dangerous
To all the faine, yet well dispos'd *Mad-dames*,
That are industrious, and desire to earne
Their liuing with their sweate ! For any distemper
Of heat, and motion, may displace the colours ;
And if the paint once runne about their faces,
Twenty to one, they will appeare so ill-fauour'd,
Their seruants run away, too, and leaue the pleasure
Imperfect, and the reckoning al' vnpay'd.

EIT. Pox, these are Poets reasons. TAY. Some old *Lady*
That keepes a *Poet*, has devis'd these scandales.

EIT. Faith we must haue the Poets banish'd, *Madame*,
As Master *Either-side* saies. MER. Master *Fitz-dottrel*?
And his wife : where ? *Madame*, the *Duke of Drown'd-land*,
That will be shortly. VVIT. Is this my *Lord*? MER. The same.

A C T . I I I . S C E N E . I V .

F I T Z - D O T T R E L . M i s t r e s s e F I T Z - D O T -
T R E L L . P V G . { to them .

YOur servant, *Madame* ! VVIT. How now ? Friend ? offended,
That I haue found your haunt here ? MAN. No, but wondring
At your strange fashion'd venture, hither. VVIT. It is
To shew you what they are, you so pursue.

MAN. I think' twill prove a med'cine against marriage ;
To know their manners. VVIT. Stay, and profit then.

MER. The *Lady*, *Madame*, whose *Prince* has brought her, here,
To be instructed. VVIT. Please you sit with vs, *Lady*.

MER. That's *Lady-President*. FIT. A goodly woman !
I cannot see the ring, though. MER. Sir, she has it.

TAY. But, *Madame*, these are very feeble reasons !

WIT. So I vrg'd *Madame*, that the new complexion,
Now to come forth, in name o' your *Ladisbip's fucus*,
Had no ingredient — TAY. But I durst eat, I assure you.

WIT. So do they, in *Spaine*. TAY. Sweet *Madam* be so liberal,
To give vs some o' your *Spanish Fucuses* !

VVIT. They are infinit, *Madame*. TAY. So I heare, they haue
VVater of *Gourdes*, of *Radish*, the white *Beanes*,
Flowers of *Glasse*, of *Tbistles*, *Rose-marine*.
Raw *Honey*, *Mustard-seed*, and *Bread dough-bak'd*,
The crums o' *bread*, *Goats-milke*, and *whites of Eggs*,
Campbeere, and *Lilly-roots*, the fat of *Swannes*,

Wittipol
whispers
with Man-
ly.

He presents
Mistress
Fitz-dot-
rel.

Marrow of Veale, white Pidgeons, and pine-kernels,
The seedes of Nettles, perse'line, and hares gall.

Limons, thin-skind — EIT. How, her Ladiship has studied
Alexcellent things ! VVIT. But ordinary, Madame.

No, the true rarities, are th' *Aluagada*,
And *Argentata* of Queene Isabella !

TAY. I, what are their ingredients, gentle Madame ?

WIT. Your *Album Scagliola*, or *Pol. dipedra* ;

And *Zuccarino* ; *Turpentine* of *Abezzo*.

VVash'd in nine waters : *Soda di levante*,
Or your *Ferne* ashes ; *Beniamin di grotta* ;

Grasso di serpe ; *Porcelletto marino* ;

Oyles of *Lentisco* ; *Zucche Mugia* ; make

The admirable *Vernish* for the face,

Gives the right luster ; but two drops rub'd on

VVith a piece of scarlet, makes a *Lady* of sixty

Looke at sixteen. But, aboue all, the water

Of the white *Hen*, of the *Lady Eftisarias* !

TAY. O, I, that same, good Madame, I haue heard of :

How is it done ? VVIT. Madame, you take your *Hen*,
Plume it, and skin it, cleanse it o' the inwards :

Then chop it, bones and all : adde to four ounces

Of *Carrnacins*, *Pipitas*, *Sope of Cyprus*,

Make the decoction, scine it. Then distill it,

And keepe it in your galley-pot well glidder'd :

Three drops preserues from wrinkles, warts, spots, moles,
Blemish, or Sun-burnings, and keepes the skin

In decimo sexto, euer bright, and smooth,

As any looking-glaſſe ; and indeed, is call'd

The Virgins milke for the face, *Oglio reale* ;

A Ceruse, neyther cold or heat, will hurt ;

And mixt with oyle of *myrrhe*, and the red *Gillo-flower*

Call'd *Cataputia* ; and flowers of *Ronistico* ;

Makes the best *mota*, or dye of the whole world.

TAY. Deare Madame, will you let vs be familiar ? (Admirable !

WIT. Your Ladiship's seruant. MER. How do you like her. FIT.

But, yet, I cannot fee the ring. PVG. Sir. MER. I must

Deliver it, or marre all. This foole's so icalous.

Madame — Sir, weare this ring, and pray you take knowledge,
'Twas sent you by his wife. And give her thanks,

Doe not you dwindle, Sir, beare vp. PVG. I thank you, Sir,

TAY. But for the manner of Spaine ! Sweet, Madame, let vs

Be bold, now we are in : Are all the Ladies,

There, i'the fashion ? VVIT. None but *Grandee's*, Madame,

O' the clasp'd traine, which may be worne at length, too,

Or thus, vpon my arme. TAY. And doe they weare

Cioppino's all ? VVIT. If they be drest in *punto*, Madame.

He is da-
lous about
his ring,
and Merc-
craft deli-
uers it.

EIT. Guilt as those are? madame? WIT. Of Goldsmiths work,
And set with diamants: and their Spanish pumps (madame;
Of perfum'd leather. TAY. I should thinke it hard

To go in 'hem, madame. WIT. At the first, it is, madame: (should

TAY. Do you neuer fall in 'hem? WIT. Never. EIT. I sweare, I
Six times an houre. WIT. But you haue men at hand, still,
To helpe you, if you fall? EIT. Only one, madame,
The Guardo-duennas, such a little old man,
As this. EIT. Alas! hee can doe nothing! this!

WIT. I'll tell you, madame, I saw i' the Court of Spaine once,
A Lady fall i' the Kings sight, along.
And there shee lay, flat spred, as an Umbrella,
Her boope here crack'd; no man durst reach a hand
To helpe her, till the Guardo-duennas came,
VVho is the person onel' allow'd to touch
A Lady there: and he but by this finger.

EIT. Ha' they no seruants, madame, there? nor friends?

WIT. An Escudero, or so madame, that wayts
Vpon 'hem in another Coach, at distance,
And when they walke, or daunce, holds by a hand-kercher,
Neuer presumes to touch 'hem. EIT. This's sciruy!
And a forc'd grauity! I doe not like it.
I like our owne much better. TAY. 'Tis more French,
And Courtily ours. EIT. And tasts more liberty.
VVe may haue our doozen of visiters, at once, (band?
Make loue t'vs. TAY. And before our husbands? EIT. Hus.
As I am honest, Tayle-bush I doe thinke
If no body should loue mee, but my poore husband,
I should e'n hang my selfe. TAY. Fortune forbid, wench:
So faire a necke should haue so foule a neck-lace,

EIT. 'Tis true, as I am handsome! WIT. I receiu'd, *Lady*,
A token from you, which I would not bee
Rude to refuse, being your first remembrance.

(FIT. O, I am satisfied now! M^r. Do you see it, Sir.)

WIT. But since you come, to know me, neerer, *Lady*,
I'll begge the honour, you will weare it for mee,
It must be so. M^r. FIT. Sure I haue heard this tongue.

M^r. What do you meane, Sir? WIT. Would you ha'me meree.
We'll recompence it anon, in somewhat else, (nary?

FIT. I doe not loue to be gull'd, though in a toy.

VVife, doe you heare? yo' are come into the Schole, wife,
VWhere you may learne, I doe perceiue it, any thing!

How to be fine, or faire, or great, or proud,
Or what you will, indeed, wife; heete 'tis taught.

And I am glad on't, that you may not say,
Another day, when honours come vpon you,
You wanted meanes. I ha' done my parts: beeene,

Wittipol
gives it Mi-
stresse Fitz-
doctrel.
Mere-craft
marmures,
He is satisfi-
ed, now be
sees it.

He upbraids
her, with his
Bill of costs.

To day, at fifty pound charge, first, for a ring,
To get you entred. Then left my new *Play*,
To wait upon you, here, to see't confirm'd.
That I may say, both to mine owne eyes, and eares,
Senses, you are my witness, sha' hath injoy'd
All helps that could be had, for loue, or money—

Mrs. FIT. To make a foole of her. FIT. Wife, that's your malice,
The wickednesse o' you nature to interpret
Your husbands kindesse thus. But I'll not leaue;
Still to doe good, for your deprav'd affections:
Intend it. Bend this stuppeorne will; be great.

TAY. Good Madame, whom do they vse in messages? (*Ladiship.*)

WIT. They cōmonly vse their slaues, Madame. TAY. And do's your
Thinke that so good, *Madame*? WIT. no, indeed, *Madame*; I,
Therein preferre the fashion of *England* farre,
Of your young delicate Page, or discreet Vsher,

FIT. And I goe with your *Ladiship*, in opinion,
Directly for your Gentleman-vsher,
There's not a finer Officer goes on ground.

WIT. If hee be made and broken to his place, once.

FIT. Nay, so I presuppose him. WIT. And they are fitter
Managers too, Sir, but I would haue 'hem call'd
Our *Escudero's*. FIT. Good. WIT. Say, I should send
To your *Ladiship*, who (I presume) has gather'd
All the deare secrets, to know how to make

Pastilles of the *Duchesse of Braganza*,
Coquettas, *Almoiauana's*, *Mantecada's*,
Alcoreas, *Mustaccioli*; or say it were
The *Peladore of Isabella*, or *balls*

Against the itch, or *aqua nanfa*, or *oyle*
Of *lessamine* for gloves, of the *Marquesse Muja*;
Or for the head, and hayre: why, these are *offices*

FIT. Fit for a gentleman, not a slau. They onely
Might aske for your *pineti*, *Spanish-cole*,
To burne, and sweeten a roome: but the *Arcana*
Of *Ladies Cabinets*— FIT. Should be else-where trusted.
Yo'are much about the truth. Sweet honoured *Ladies*,
Let mee fall in wi'you. I ha' my female wit,
As well as my male. And I doe know what futes
A *Lady of spirit*, or a woman of fashion!

WIT. And you would haue your wife such. FIT. Yes, *Madame*,
Light; not to plaine dishonesty, I meane:
But, somewhat o'this side. WIT. I take you, Sir.
H'has reason *Ladies*. I'll not give this rush
For any *Lady*, that cannot be honest
Within a thred. TAY. Yes, *Madame*, and yet venter
As far for th'other, in her Fame— WIT. As can be;

He enters
himselfe
with the
Ladie's

(aerie,

Coach it to Pimlico ; daunce the Saraband ;
Heare, and talke bawdy ; laugh as loud, as a latum ;
Squeake, spring, do any thing. EIT. In young company, Madame.

TAY. Or afore gallants. If they be braue, or Lords,
A woman is ingag'd. FIT. I say so, Ladies,
It is ciuility to deny vs nothing.

PVG. You talke of a University ! why, Hell is
A Grammar schoole to this ! EIT. But then,
Shee must not lose a looke on stuffles, or cloth, Madame.

TAY. Nor no course fellow. WIT. She must be guided, Madame
By the clothes he weares, and company he is in ;
Whom to salute, how farre — FIT. I ha' told her this.
And how that bawdry too, vpo' the point,
Is (in it selfe) as ciuill a discourse —

WIT. As any other affytre of flesh, what euer.

FIT. But thicke will ne'r be capable, shee is not
So much as comming, Madame ; I know not how
She lo'es all her opportunities
With hoping to be forc'd. I haue entertain'd
A gentleman, a younger brother, here,
Whom I woud faine breed vp, her Escudero,
Against some expectation's that I haue,
And she'll not countenance him. WIT. What's his name ?

FIT. Diuel, o Darbi-shire. EIT. Bleffe vs from him ! TAY. Diuell ?
Call him De-nile, sweet Madame. M^r. FIT. What you please, Ladies.

TAY. De-nile's a prettier name ! EIT. And sounds me thinks,
As it came in with the Conquerour — MAN. Ouer smocks !
What things they are ? That nature should be at leisure
Euer to make 'hem ! my woing is at an end. (manage ?)

WIT. What can he do ? EIT. Let's heare him. TAY. Can he

FIT. Please you to try him, Ladies. Stand forth, Diuell.

PVG. Was all this but the preface to my torment ?

FIT. Come, let their Ladiships see your honours. EIT. O,
Hee makes a wicked leg. TAY. As euer I saw !

WIT. Fittor a Diuell. TAY. Good Madame, call him De-nile.

WIT. De-nile, what property is there most required
I' your conceit, now, in the Escudero ? (Madame.)

FIT. Why doe you not speake ? PVG. A fetled discreet pase,

WIT. I thinke, a barren head, Sir, Mountaine-like,
To be expos'd to the cruelty of weathers —

FIT. I, for his Valley is beneath the waste, Madame,
And to be fruitfull there, it is sufficient.

Dulnesse vpon you ! Could not you hit this ?

PVG. Good Sir — WIT. He then had had no barren head.
You daw him too much, in troth, Sir. FIT. I must walke
With the French sticke, like an old vierger for you,

PVG. O, Chiefe, call mee to Hell againe, and free mee.

The Divell
admires him.

He bewishis
Pug.

Manly goes
out with in-
dignation.

They begin
their Cate-
chisme.

He strikes
him.

The Diuell
prays.

FIT. Do you murmur now? PVG. Not I, S^r. WIT. What do
M^r. Denile, the height of your employment,
In the true perfect Escudero? FIT. When?
What doe you answer? PVG. To be able, Madame,
First to enquire, then report the working,
Of any Ladies physicke, in sweete phrase,

WIT. Yes, that's an a^ct of elegance, and importance.
But what aboue? FIT. O, that I had a goad for him.

PVG. To find out a good Corne-cutter. TAY. Out on him!
EIT. Most barbarous! FIT. Why did you doe this, now?
Of purpose to discredit me? you daran'd Divil.

PVG. Sure, if I be not yet, I shall be. All
My daies in Hell, were holy daies to this!

TAY. 'Tis labour lost, Madame? EIT. H^s is a dull fellow
Of no capacity! TAI. Of no discourse!

O, if my Ambler had beene here! EIT. I, Madame;
You talke of a man, where is there such another?

WIT. M^r. Denile, put case, one of my Ladies, heere,
Had a fine brach: and would employ you forth
To treatre 'bout a conuenient match for her.

What would you obserue? PVG. The color, and the size, Madame.

WIT. And nothing else? FIT. The Moosa, you calfe, the Moone!

WIT. I, and the Signe. TAI. Yes, and receits for pronenesc.

WIT. Then when the Pappies came, what would you doe?

PVG. Get their natiuities cast! WIT. This's wel, What more?

PVG. Consult the Almanack-man which would be least?
Which cleanelest? WIT. And which silentest? This's wel, madame!

WIT. And while she were with puppy? PVG. Walk her out,
And ayre her every morning! WIT. Very good!
And be industrious to kill her fleas?

PVG. Yes! WIT. He will make a pretty proficient. PVG. Who,
Comming from Hell, could looke for such Catechising?
The Divil is an Ase. I doe acknowledge it.

FIT. The top of woman! All her sexe in abstract!
I loue her, to each syllable, falls from her.

TAI. Good madame giue me leaue to goe aside with him!
And try him a little! WIT. Do, and I'll withdraw, Madame,
VVith this faire Lady: read to her, the while.

TAI. Come, S^r. PVG. Deare Chiese, relieue me, or I perish.

WIT. Lady, we'll follow. You are not iealous Sir?

FIT. O, madame! you shall see. Stay wife, behold,
I giue her vp heere, absolutely, to you,

She is your owne. Do with her what you will!

Melt, cast, and forme her as you shall thinke good!

Set any stamp on! I'll receiue her from you

As a new thing, by your owne standard! VVIT. Well, Sir!

Fitz-dot-
trel admires
Wittipol.

The Diuell
praises again.

He gives his
wife to him,
taking him
to be a La-
dy.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. V.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. PIT-FAL.
EVER-ILL. PLUTARCHVS.

B Vt what ha' you done i' your *Dependance*, since?

FIT. O, it goes on, I met your Cousin, the *Master*—

MER. You did not acquaint him, Sr? FIT. Faith, but I did, Sr.
And vpon better thought, ~~not~~ without reason!

He being chiefc *Officer*, might ha'tane it ill, else,

As a *Contempt* against his *Place*, and that

In time Sir, ha'drawne on another *Dependance*.

No, I did finde him in good termes, and ready

To doe me any seruice. MER. So he said, to you?

But Sr, you do not know him. FIT. VVhy, I presum'd
Because this *bus'nesse* of my wiues, requir'd mee,

I could not ha'done better: And hee told

Me, that he would goe presently to your *Councill*,

A Knight,here, i'the Lane— MER. Yes, *Justice Ether-side*.

FIT. And get the *Feoffment* drawne, with a letter of *Attorney*,
For *linerie* and *seisen*! MER. That I knowe's the course.

But Sir, you meanenot to make him *Feoffee*?

FIT. Nay, that I'll pause on! MER. How now little *Pit-fall*.

PIT. Your Cousin *Master Ever-ill*, would come in—

But he would know if *Master Manly* were heere.

MER. No, tell him, if he were, I ha'made his peace!

Hee's one, Sir, has no *State*, and a man knowes not,

How such a *trust* may tempt him. FIT. I conceiue you.

EVE. Sr. this same deed is done here. MER. Pretty *Plutarchus*!
Art thou come with it? and has Sir *Paul* view'd it?

PLV. His hand is to the draught. MER. VVill you step in, Sr.

And read it? FIT. Yes. EVE. I pray you a word wi' you.

Sir *Past Ether-side* will'd mee gi' you *caucion*,

VVhom you did make *Feoffee*: for 'tis the *trust*

O'your whole *State*: and though my Cousin heere

Be a worthy Gentleman, yet his *valour* has

A the tall board bin question'd; and we hold

Any man so impeach'd, of doubtfull honesty!

I will not iustifie this; but give it you

To make your profit of it: if you vter it,

I can forswaire it! FIT. I beleue you, and thanke you, Sir.

Mere-craft
whispers at
giving him.

Eueril who
spers against
Mere-craft.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. VI.

WITTIPOLE. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL.
MANLY. MERE-CRAFT.

BE not afraid, sweet *Lady*: yo' are trusted
To loue, not violence here; I am no rauisher,
But one, whom you, by your faire trust againe,
May of a seruant make a most true friend.

Mrs. FR. And such a one I need, but not this way:
Sir, I confess me to you, the meere manner
Of your attempting mee, this morning tooke mee,
And I did hold m'inuention, and my manners,
Were both engag'd, to gue it a requitall;
But not vnto your ends: my hope was then,
(Though interrupted, ere it could be vtter'd)
That whom I found the Master of such language,
That braine and spirit, for such an enterprise,
Could not, but if those succours were demanded
To a right vse, employ them vertuously!
And make that profit of his noble parts,
Which they would yeeld. Sir, you haue now the ground,
To exercise them in: I am a woman;
That cannot speake more wretchednesse of my selfe,
Then you can read; match'd to a masle of folly;
That euery day makes haste to his owne ruine;
The wealthy portion, that I brought him, spent;
And (through my friends neglect) no ioynture made me.
My fortunes standing in this precipice,
Tis Counsell that I want, and honest aides:
And in this name, I need you, for a friend!
Neuer in any other; for his ill,
Must not make me, Sir, worse. MAN. O friend! forsake not
The braue occasion, vertue offers you,
To keepe you innocent: I haue fear'd for both;
And watch'd you, to preuent the ill I fear'd.
But, since the weaker side hath so assur'd mee,
Let not the stronger fall by his owne vice,
Or be the lesse a friend, cause vertue needs him.

WIT. Virtue shall neuer aske my succours twice;
Most friend, most man; your Counsells are commands:

Manly, con-
ceal'd this
while, shew's
himself.

Lady,

Lady, I can loue *goodnes* in you, more
Then I did *Beauty*; and doe here intitle
Your vertue, to the power, vpon a life
You shall engage in any fruitfull seruice,
Euen to forfeit. **MER.** *Madame*: Do you heare, Sir,
We haue another leg-strain'd, for this *Dottrel*.
He' ha's a quarrell to carry, and ha's caus'd
A deed of *Feoffment*, of his whole estate
To be drawne yonder; h'ha'st within: And you,
Onely, he meanes to make *Feeffee*. H'is falne
So desperatly enamour'd on you, and falkes
Most like a mad-man: you did neuer heare
A *Phrenetick*, so in loue with his owne fauour!
Now, you doe know, 'tis of no validity
In your name, as you stand; Therefore aduise him
To put in me. (h'is come here:) You shall share Sir.

Mere-craft
takes vittipol againe, &
moves a profit for her
selfe.

ACT. IV. SCENE. VIJ.

VVITTIPOL. *Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL.*

MANLY. *MERE-CRAFT.* *FITZ-DOTTREL.* *EVERILL.* *PLVTARCHVS.*

FIT. *Madame*, I haue a suit to you; and afore-hand,
I doe bespeakē you; you must not deny me,
I will be graunted. **WIT.** Sir, I must know it, though.
FIT. No *Lady*, you must not know it: yet, you must too.
For the trust of it, and the fame indeed,
Whicheſe were lost me. I would vſe your name,
But in a *Feoffment*: make my whole estate
Ouer vnto you: a trifle, a thing of nothing,
Some eighteene hundred. **WIT.** Alas! I understand not
Those things Sir. I am a woman, and moſt loath,
To embarque my ſelfe—**FIT.** You will not ſlight me, *Madame*?

WIT. Nor you'll not quarrell me? **FIT.** No, sweet *Madame*, I
Already a *dependance*; for which cause (haue
I doe this: let me put you in, deare *Madame*,
I may be fairely kill'd. **WIT.** You haue your friends, Sir,
About you here, for choice. **EVE.** She tells you right, Sir.

FIT. Death, if ſhe doe, what do I care for that?

Hee hopes to
be the man.

*She designs
Manly.*

Say, I would haue her tell me wrong. **WIT.** Why, Sir, If for the trust, you'll let me haue the honor To name you one. **FIT.** Nay, you do me the honor, *Madame*: Who is't? **WIT.** This Gentleman: **FIT.** O, no, sweet *Madame*, 's friend to him, with whom I ha' the dependance.

WIT. Who might he bee? **FIT.** One *Wittipol*: do you know **WIT.** Alas Sir, he, a toy: This Gentleman (him?) A friend to him? no more then I am Sir!

FIT. But will your *Ladyship* vndertake that, *Madame*?

WIT. Yes, and what else, for him, you will engage me.

FIT. What is his name? **WIT.** His name is *Eustace Manly*.

FIT. Whence do's he write himself? **WIT.** of *Middle-sex*, *Esquire*. **FIT.** Say nothing, *Madame*. *Clerke*, come hether *Writ Eustace Manly*, *Squire o' Middle-sex*.

MER. What ha' you done, Sir? **WIT.** Nam'd a gentleman, That I'll be answerable for, to you, Sir.

Had I nam'd you, it might ha' beeene suspected:

This way, 'tis safe. **FIT.** Come Gentlemen, your hands, For witnes. **MAN.** What is this? **EVE.** You ha' made *Election* Of a most worthy Gentleman! **MAN.** Would one of worth Had spoke it: whence it comes, it is Rather a shame to me, then a praise.

EVE. Sir, I will give you any Satisfaction.

MAN. Be silent then: " falsehood commends not truth.

PLV. You do deliuer this, Sir, as your deed.

To th' vse of Mr. *Manly*? **FIT.** Yes: and Sir—

When did you see yong *Wittipol*? I am ready,

For processe now; Sir, this is *Publication*.

He shall heare from me, he would needes be courting

My wife, Sir. **MAN.** Yes: So witnesseth his Cloake there.

FIT. Nay good Sir, — *Madame*, you did vndertake —

WIT. What? **FIT.** That he was not *Wittipol*'s friend. **WIT.**

Sr. no confession of it. **FIT.** O she know's not; (I heare

Now I remember, *Madame*! This young *Wittipol*,

Would ha' debauch'd my wife, and made me *Cuckold*,

Through a casement; he did fly her home

To mine owne window: but I think I sou't him,

And rauish'd her away, out of his pownces.

I ha' sworne to ha' him by the eares: I feare

The toy, wi' not do me right. **WIT.** No? that were pitty!

What right doe you aske, Sir? Here he is will do't you?

FIT. Ha? *Wittipol*? **WIT.** I Sir, no more *Lady* now,

Nor *Spaniard*! **MAN.** No indeed, 'tis *Wittipol*.

FIT. Am I the thing I fear'd? **WIT.** A *Cuckold*? No Sir,

But you were late in possibility,

I'll tell you so much. **MAN.** But your wife's too vertuous!

WIT. Vee'll see her Sir, at home, and leaue you here,

*Fitz-dot-
trel is inspi-
cious of
Manly fill.*

*Wittipol
discovers
himself.*

To

To be made Duke o' Shore-ditch with a project.

FIT. Theeues, taushers. VVIT. Crie but another note, Sir,
I'll marre the tune, o' your pipe ! FIT. Gi'me my deed, then.

VVIT. Neither : that shall be kept for your wiues good,
VVho will know, better how to vse it. FIT. Ha'

To feast you with my land ? VVIT. Sir, be you quiet,
Or I shall gag you, ere I goe, consult

Your Master of dependances; how to make this
A second businesse, you haue time Sir. FIT. Oh!

VVhat will the ghost of my wife Grandfather,
My learned Father, with my worshipfull Moiber,

Thinke of me now, that left me in this world
In state to be their Heire ? that am become

A Cuckold, and an Asse, and my wiues Ward,
Likely to loose my land ; ha' my throat cut :

All, by her practise ! MER. Sir, we are all abus'd !

FIT. And be so still ! VVho hinders you, I pray you,
Let me alone, I would enjoy my selfe,
And be the Duke o' Drown'd Land, you ha' made me.

MER. Sir, we must play an after-game o' this

FIT. But I am not in case to be a Gamester:
I tell you once againe—MER. You must be rul'd
And take some counsell. FIT. Sir, I do hate counsell,
As I do hate my wife, my wicked wife !

MER. But we may thinke how to recover all :

If you will act. FIT. I will not think; nor act;

Nor yet recover; do not talke to me ?

I'll runne out o' my witts, rather then heare;

I will be what I am, Fabian Fitz-Dortrel,

Though all the world say nay to't. MER. Let's follow him,

He would
have his
deed again.

VVitipol
baffles him,
and goes out



ACT. V. SCENE. I.

AMBLER. PITFALL. MERECRAFT.

But ha's my Lady mist me? PIT. Beyond telling!
Here ha's been that infinity of strangers!
And then she would ha' had you, to ha' sampled you
VVith, one within, that they are now a teaching;
And do's pretend to your ranck. AMB. Good fellow
Tel Mr. Mere-craft, I intreat a word with him. (*Pit-fall,*

Pitfall goes out.

This most vnlucky accident will goe neare
To be the losse o' my place; I am in doubt!

MER. VVith me? what say you Mr Ambler? AMB. Sir,
I would beseech your worship stand betweene
Me, and my *Ladies* displeasure, for my absence. (Sir

MER. O, is that all? I warrant you. AMB. I would tell you
But how it happened. MER. Briefe, good Master Ambler,
Put your selfe to your rack: for I haue tasque
Of more ithportance. AMB. Sir you'll laugh at me!
But (so is *Truth*) avery friend of mine,
Finding by conference with me, that I liu'd
Too chast for my complexion (and indeed
Too honest for my place, Sir) did aduise me
If I did loue my selfe (as that I do,
I must confess) MER. Spare your *Parenthesis*.

AMB. To gi' my body a little euacuation—

MER. Well, and you went to a whore? AMB. No, S^r. I durst
(For feare it might arrive at some body's eare, (not
It should not) trust my selfe to a common house;
But got the Gentlewoman to goe with me,
And carry her bedding to a *Conduit-head*,
Hard by the place toward *Tyborne*, which they call
My L. Majors *Banqueting house*. Now Sir, This morning
Was *Execution*; and I ner'e dreamt on't,
Till I heard the noise o' the people, and the horses;

*Mere-craft
seemes full of
busynesse.*

*Ambler sets
this with ex-
traordinary
speed.*

And

And neither I, nor the poore Gentlewoman
Durst stirre, till all was done and past: so that
I' the *Interim*, we fell a sleepe againe.

Heslag

MER. Nay, if you fall, from your gallop, I am gone S^r.
AMB. But, when I wak'd, to put on my cloathes, a sute,
I made new for the action, it was gone,
And all my money, with my purle, my seales,
My hard-wax, and my table-booke, my studies,
And a fine new devise, I had to carry
My pen, and inke, my ciuet, and my tooth-picks,
All vnder one. But, that which greiu'd me, was
The Gentlewoman's shooes (with a paire of roses,
And garters, I had giuen her for the busynesse)
So as that made vs stay, till it was darke.
For I was faine to lend her mine, and walke
In a rug, by her, barefoote, to Saint *Giles'es*.

MER. A kind of Irish penance! Is this all, S^r?

AMB. To satisfie my *Lady*. MER. I will promise you, S^r.

AMB. I ha' told the true *Disaster*. MER. I cannot stay wi' you
Sir, to condole; but gratulate your retурne.

AMB. An honest gentleman, but he's never at leisure
To be himselfe: He ha's such tides of busynesse.

A C T . V . S C E N E . II .

P V G . A M B L E R .

O, Call me home againe, deare *Chief*, and put me
To yoaking foxes, milking of *Hee-goates*,
Pounding of water in a morter, laving
The sea dry with a nut-shell, gathering all
The leaues ~~are~~ faine this *Autumne*, drawing farts
Out of dead bodies, making ropes of sand,
Catching the windes together in a net,
Mustring of ants, and numbring atomes; all
That hell, and you thought exquisite torments, rather
Then stay me here, a thought more: I would sooner
Keape fleas within a circle, and be accomptant
A thousand yecete, which of 'hem and how far
Out leap'd the other, then endure a minute
Such as I haue within. There is no hell
To a *Lady* of fashion. All your tortures there

Are

Ambier
comes in, &
furriages
him

Pug per-
ceives it, and
starts.

He answers
quite from
the purpose.

For Scap-
ticks.

Are pastimes to it. 'T would be a refreshing
For me, to be i' the fire againe, from hence.

AMB. This is my suite, and those the shoes and roses!

PVG. Th' have such impertinent vexations,

A generall Councell o' diuels could not hit—

Ha! This is hee, I tooke a sleepe with his *Wench*,
And borrow'd his cloathes. What might I doe to balke him?

AMB. Do you heare, S^r? PVG. Answ. him but not to th' purpose

AMB. What is your name, I pray you Sir. PVG. Is't so late Sir?

AMB. I aske not o' the time, but of your name, Sir,

PVG. I thanke you, Sir. Yes it dos hold Sir, certaine

AMB. Hold, Sir? What holds? I must both hold, and talk to
About these clothes. PVG. A very pretty lace! (you

But the *Taylor* cossend me. AMB. No, I am cossend

By you! robb'd. PVG. Why, when you please Sir, I am

For three penny *Glecke*, your man AMB. Pox o' your *glecke*,

And three pence. Giue me an answere. PVG. Sir,

My master is the best at it. AMB. Your master!

Who is your Master. PVG. Let it be friday night. (t'leum

AMB. What should be then? PVG. Your best songs *Thou'st Be*.

AMB. I thinke, you are he. Do's he mocke me trow, from pur-
Or do not I speake to him, what I meane? (pose?

Good Sir your name. PVG. Only a couple a' *Cocks* Sir,
If we can get a *Widgin*, 'tis in season.

AMB. He hopes to make on o' these *Scipticks* o' me
(I thinkel name'hem right) and do's not fly me.

I wonder at that! 'tis a strange confidence!

I'll prouoe another way, to draw his answer.

ACT. V. SCENE. III.

M E R E - C R A F T . F I T Z - D O T T R E L :
E V E R I L L . P V G .

It is the easiest thing Sir, to be done.

As plaine, as fizzling: roule but wi' your eyes,

And foame at th'mouth. A little castle-soape

Will do't, to rub your lips: And then a nutshell,

With toe, and touch-wood in it to spit fire,

Did you ner'e read, Sir, little *Darrel's* tricks,

With the boy o' *Burton*, and the 7. in *Lancashire*,

Sommers at *Nottingham*? All these do teach it.

And

And wee'll give out, Sir, that your wife ha's bewitch'd you :
 EVE. And practised with those two, as *Sorcerers*.

They repair
their old plot

MER. And ga' you potions, by which meanes you were
 Not *Compos mentis*, when you made your *feoffment*.
 There's no recovery o' your state, but this :

This, Sir, will sting. EVE. And moue in a Court of equity.

MER. For, it is more then manifest, that this was
 A plot o' your wiues, to get your land. FIT. I thinke it.

EVE. Sir it appeares. MER. Nay, and my cosen has knowne
 These gallants in these shapes. EVE. T' haue don strange things,
 One as the *Lady*, the other as the *Squire*. Sir.

MER. How a man's honesty may be fool'd ! I thought him
 A very *Lady*. FIT. So did I : renounce me else.

MER. But this way, Sir, you'll be reueng'd at height.

EVE. Vpon 'hem all. MER. Yes faith, and since your Wife
 Has runne the way of woman thus, e'en give her —

FIT. Lost by this hand, to me ; deal to all ioyes
 Of her deare *Dottrell*, I shall neuer pitty her :
 That could, pitty her selfe. MER. Princely resolu'd Sir,
 And like your selfe still, in *Potentia*.

A C T . V . S C E N E . I V .

M E R E - C R A F T , &c. to them. G V I L T - H E A D .
 S L E D G E . P L V T A R C H V S . S E R I E A N T S .

G Vilt-head what newes. ? FIT. O Sir, my hundred peices :
 Let me ha' them yet. GVI. Yes Sir, officers
 Arrest him. FIT. Me ? SER. I arrest you. SLE. Keepe the peace ;
 I charge you gentlemen. FIT. Arrest me ? Why ?

Fitz-dot-
trell asks for
his money

GVI. For better security, Sir. My sonne *Plutarchus*
 Assures me, y'are not worth a groat. PLV. Pardon me, *Father*,
 I said his worship had no foote of Land left :
 And that I'll iustifie, for I writ the deed.

FIT. Ha' you these tricks i'the city ? GVI. Yes, and more .
 Arrest this gallant too, here, at my suite.

SLE. I, and at mine. He owes me for his lodging
 Two yeere and a quarter. MER. Why M. Guilt-head, Land-Lord,
 Thou art not mad, though th'art *Constable*
 Puff vp with th' pride of the place ? Do you heare, Sirs.
 Haue I deseru'd this from you two ? for all
 My paines at Court, to get you each a patent

Meaning
Mere-craft

GVI.

The Pro-
ject of forks

GVI. For what? MER. Vpo' my project o' the *forkes*,
SLE. *Forkes*? what be they? MER. The laudable vse of forkes,
Brought into custome here, as they are in *Italy*,
To th'sparing o' *Napkins*. That, that should haue made
Your bellowes goe at the forge, as his at the fornace.
I ha' procur'd it, ha' the Signet for it,
Dealt with the *Linnen-drapers*, on my priuate,
By cause, I fear'd, they were the likelyest euer
To stirre against, to crosse it: for 'twill be
A mighty sauer of *Linnen* through the kingdome
(As that is oue o' my grounds, and to spare washing)
Now, on you two, had I layd all the profits.
Guilt-head to haue the making of all those
Of gold and siluer, for the better personages;
And you, of those of *Steel* for the common sort.
And both by *Patent*, I had brought you your scales in.
But now you haue preuented me, and I thanke you.
SLE. Sir, I will bayle you, at mine owne ap-perill.
MER. Nay choose. PLV. Do you so too, good *Father*.
GVI. I like the fashion o' the project, well,
The forkes! It may be a lucky one! and is not
Intricate, as one would say, but fit for
Plaine heads, as ours, to deale in. Do you heare
Officers, we discharge you. MER. Why this shewes
A little good nature in you, I confess,
But do not tempt your friends thus. Little *Guilt-head*,
Adise your sise, great *Guilt-head* from these courses:
And, here, to trouble a great man in reuersion,
For a matter o' fifty on a false *Alarne*,
Away, it shewes not well. Let him get the pieces
And bring 'hem. You'll heare more else. PLV. *Father*.

Sledge is
brought a-
bore
*And Guilt-
head comes.*

ACT. V. SCENE. V.

AMBLER.

{To them.

O Master *Sledge*, are you here? I ha' been to seeke you.
You are the *Constable*, they say. Here's one
That I do charge with *Felony*, for the suite
He weares, Sir. MER. Who? M. *Fitz-Dottrel*'s man?
Ware what you do, M. *Ambler*. AMB. Sir, these clothes
I'll sweare, are mine: and the shooes the *gentlewoman's*

I told you of: and ha' him afore a *Infied*,
I will. PVG. My master, Sir, will passe his word for me.

AMB. O, can you speake to purpose now? FIT. Not I,
If you be such a one Sir, I will leaue you
To your *God fathers* in Law. Let twelue men worke.

PVG. Do you heare Sir, pray, in priuate. FIT. well, what say you?
Briefe, for I haue no time to loose. PVG. Truth is, Sir,

I am the very *Dinell*, and had leaue

To take this body, I am in, to serue you:

Which was a *Cutpurses*, and hang'd this Morning.

And it is likewile true, I stole this suite

To cloth me with. But Sir let me not goe

To prison for it. I haue hitherto

Lost time, done nothing; showne, indeed, no part.

O' my *Duels* nature. Now, I will so helpe

Your malice, 'gainst these parties: so aduance

The busynesse, that you haue in hand of *witchcraft*,

An' your *posseſſion*, as my ſelfe were in you.

Teach you iuich tricks, to make your belly ſwell,

And your eyes turne, to foame, to ſtare, to gnath

Your teeth together, and to beate your ſelfe,

Laugh loud, and faine ſix voices—FIT. Out you Rogue!

You moſt infernall counterfeiſt wretch! Auaunt!

Do you thinke to gull me with your *Aſops Fables*?

Here take him to you, I ha' no part in him. PVG. Sir.

FIT. Away, I do diſclaime, I will not heare you.

MER. What ſaid he to you, Sir? FIT. Like a lying raskall
Told me he was the *Dinel*. MER. How! a good iest!

FIT. And that he would teach me, ſuch fine *duels* tricks
For our new reſolution. EVE. O' pox on him,
'Twas excellent wiſely done, Sir, not to truſt him:

MER. Why, if he were the *Dinel*, we ſha' not need him,
If you'll be rul'd. Goe throw your ſelfe on a bed, Sir,
And faine you ill. Wee'll not be ſeen wi' you,
Till after, that you haue a fit: and all
Confirm'd within. Keepe you with the two *Ladies*
And perſuade them. I'll to *Justice Either-side*,
And poſſeſſe him with all. *Traines* ſhall ſeekē out *Engine*,
And th̄y two fill the towne with't, euery cable
Is to be veer'd. We muſt employ ouer all
Our *emiffaries* now; Sir, I will ſend you
Bladders and *Bellowes*. Sir, be conſident,
'Tis no hard thing t'out doe the *Devill* in:

A Boy o' thirteene yeere old made him an *Asſe*
But t'other day. FIT. Well, I'll beginne to practice,
And ſcape the imputation of being *Cuckold*,

By mine owne act. MER. yo'are right. EVE. Come, you ha' put

Fitz-dot-
trel diſ-
claimes
him.

And ſends
him away.

Mere-craft
gives the in-
ſtructions to
him and the
reſt.

Your selfe to a simple coyle here, and your freinds ,
By dealing with new *Agents* , in new plots.

MER. No more o' that, sweet cousin. EVE. What had you
To doe with this same *Wittipol*, for a *Lady* ?

MER. Question not that: 'tis done. EVE. You had some straine
'Boue *E-la*? MER. I had indeed. EVE. And, now, you crack for't.

MER. Do not vpbraid me. EVE. Come, you must be told on't;
You are so couetous, still, to embrace.

More then you can, that you loose all. MER. 'Tis right.
What would you more, then Guilty? Now, your succours.

A C T . V . S C E N E . V J .

S H A K L E S . P V G I N I Q U I T Y . D I V E L .

Pug is
brought to
New-gate.

Enter Ini-
quity the
Vice.

H ere you are lodg'd, Sir, you must send your garnish ,
If you'll be priuat. PVG. There it is, Sir, leaue me.
To New-gate, brought? How is the name of *Devill*
Discredited in me! What a lost fiend
Shall I be, on returne? My *Cheife* will roare
In triumph, now, that I haue beeene on earth,
A day, and done no noted thing, but brought
That body back here, was hang'd out this morning.
Well! would it once were midnight, that I knew
My vtmost. I thinke Time be drunke, and sleepes;
He is so still, and moves not! I doe glory
Now i'my torment. Neither can I expe&t it,
I haue it with my fact. INI. *Child* of hell, be thou *merry* :
Put a looke on, as round, boy, and red as a cherry.
Cast care at thy posterpes; and firke i' thy fettters,
They are ornaments, *Baby*, haue graced thy betters:
Looke vpon me, and hearken. Our *Cheife* doth salure thee,
And least the coldyron should chancero confute thee,
H' hath sent thee, *grant-paroll* by me to stay longer
A moneth here on earth, against cold *Child*, or honger

PVG. How? longer here a moneth? ING. Yes, boy, till the *Session*,
That so thou mayest haue a triumphall egression.

PVG. In a cart, to be hang'd. ING. No, *child*, in a *Carre*,
The charriot of Triumph, which most of them are.
And in the meane time, to be greazy, and bouzy,
And nasty, and filthy, and ragged and louzy,
With dam'n me, renounce me, and all the fine phrases;
That bring, vnto *Tiborne*, the plentifull gazes.

PVG.

Pvg. He is a *Dinell*! and may be our *Cheife*!
The great Superior *Dinell*! for his malice:
Arch dinel! I acknowledge him. He knew
What I would suffer, when he tie'd me vp thus
In a rogue's body: and he has (I thanke him)
His tyrannous pleasure on me, to confine me
To the valucky carkasse of a *Catpurſe*,
Wherin I could do nothing. D I V . Impudent fiend,
Stop thy lewd mouth. Doest thou not shame and tremble
To lay thine owne dull-damn'd deſects vpon
An innocent caſe, there ? Why thou heauy slave !
Theſpirit, that did poſſeſſe that fleſh before
Put more true life, in a finger, and a thumbe,
Then thou in the whole Maffe. Yet thou rebell'ſt
And murmur'ſt? What one profer haſt thou made ,
Wicked inough, this day, that might be call'd
Worthy thine owne, much leſſe the name that ſent thee ?
First, thou di'dſt helpe thy ſelſe into a beating
Prompſtly, and with'ſt endanger'd & too thy tongue :
A *Diuell*, and could not keepe a body intire
One day ! That, for our credit. And to vindicate it ,
Hinder'dſt (for ought thou know'ſt) a deed of darkneſſe :
Which was an aet of that egregiuſ folly,
As no one, to'ard the *Diuell*, could ha' thought on.
This for your acting ! but for ſuffering ! why
Thou haſt beene cheatec on, with a falſe beard,
And a turn'd cloake. Faſh, would your predecessor
The *Catpurſe*, think you, ha' been ſo ? Out vpon thee,
The hurt th'haſt don, to let men know their ſtrength,
And that the'are able to out-doe a *dinel*
Put in a body, will for euer be
A ſcarre vpon our Name ! whom haſt thou dealt with ,
Woman or man, this day, but haue out-gone thee
Some way, and moſt haue prou'd the better fiendes ?
Yet, you would be imployd ? Yes, hell ſhall make you
Prouinciall o' the *C'heateſ* ! for *Bawd-ledger*,
For this ſide o' the towne ! No doubt you'll render
A rare accoſt of things. Bane o' your itch,
And ſcratching for imploymēt. I'll ha' brimſtone
To al lay it ſure, and fire to ſindge your nayles off,
But, that I would not ſuch a damn'd diſhonor
Sticke on our ſtate, as that the *dinel* were hang'd ;
And could not ſaue a body, that he tooke
From *Tyborne*, but it muſt come thither againe :
You ſhould e'en ride. But, vp away with him —

I N I . Mount, dearling of darkneſſe, my ſhoulders are broad :
He that caries the fiend, is ſure of his loade.

The great
Diuell en-
ters, and up-
braids him
with all his
dayes worke.

Iniquity
takes h'm
bis back.

The *Divell* was wont to carry away the euill;
But, now, the Euill out-carries the *Divell*.

ACT. V. SCENE. VIJ.

SHACKLES. KEEPERS.

A greas
newes is beard
in New-
gate, and the
Keepers
come out af-
frighted.

O mee! KEE. 1. What's this? 2. A piece of *Inſtice Hall*
Is broken downe. 3. Fough! what a ſtreight of drunſtone
Is here? 4. The prisoner's dead, came in but now! (renance)
SHA. Ha? where? 4. Look here. KEE. S'lid, I ſhould know his coun-
It is *Gill-Cat* purſe, was hang'd out, this morning!
SHA. 'Tis he! 2. The *Divell*, ſure, has a hand in this!
3. What ſhall wee doe? SHA. Carry the newes of it
Unto the ſherifes. 1. And to the *Inſtices*.
4. This ſtrange! 3. And ſauours of the *Divell*, ſtrongly!
2. I ha' the ſulphure of *Hell-coale* i' my noſe.
1. Fough. SHA. Carry him in. 1. Away. 2. How ranke it is!

ACT. V. SCENE. VIII.

SIR POVLE. MERE-CRAFT. EVER-ILL.
TRAINES. PITFALL. FITZ-DOTTREL.

{To them}

VVITTIPOL. MANLY. Miftrefſe FITZ-DOT-
TREL. INGINE. {To them} GVILT-HEAD:
SLEDGE. {To them} SHACKLES.

The *Inſtice*
comes out
wondring,
and the rest
informing
him.

His was the notableſt Conſpiracy,
That ere I heard of. MER. Sir, They had giu'n him poſtions,
That did enameour him on the counterfeiſt *Lady*—
EVE. Iuſt to the time o'deliuery o' the deed—
MER. And then the wiſchcraft 'gan't appear, for ſtreight
He fell into his fit. EVE. Of rage at firſt, Sir,
Which ſince has ſo increased. TAY. Good S'r. *Poule*, ſee him,
And puniſh the impostaſors. POV. Therefore I come, Madame.
EIT. Let M'r *Etherſide* alone, Madame. POV. Do you heare?
Call in the Conſtable, I will haue him by:

H'is

H'is the Kings Officer ! and some Cittizens,
Of credit ! I'll discharge my conscience clearly. (cerers,

MER. Yes, Sir, and send for his wife. EVE. And the two Sor-
By any meaneas! TAY. I thought one a true Lady,
I should be sworne. So did you, Eyther-side?

EIT. Yes, by that light, would I might ne'r stir else, Tailbush.

TAY. And the other a ciuill Gentleman. EVE. But, Madame,
You know what I told your Ladyship. TAY. I now see it :
I was prouiding of a banquet for 'hem.
After I had done instructing o'the fellow

Deuile, the Gentleman's man MER. Who's found a thiefe, Madam.
And to haue rob'd your Visher, Master Ambler,

This morning. TAY. How? MER. I'll tell you more, anon.

FIT. Gi me some garlick, garlick, garlick, garlick.

MER. Harke the poore Gentleman, how he is tormented!

FIT. My wife is a whore, I'll kisse her no more: and why?
Mast not thou be a Cuckold, as well as I?

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Pov. That is the Diuell speakes, and laughes in him.

MER. Do you thinke so, Sr. Pov. I diſcharge my conscience.

FIT. And is not the Diuell good company? Yes, mis.

EVE. How he changes, Sir, his voyce! FIT. And a Cuckold is
Where ere hee put his head, with a Wanion,
If his hornes be forsh, the Diuell's companion!

Looke, looke, looke, else. MER. How he foames! EVE. And swells!

TAY. O, me! what's that there, rises in his belly! (Madam.

EIT. A strange thing! hold it downe: TRA. PIT. We cannot,

Pov. 'Tis too apparent this! FIT. Wittipol, Wittipol. (matters?

WIT. How now, what play ha' we here. MAN. What fine, new

WIT. The Cockscamb, and the Conerles. MER. O strang impudēce!
That these should come to face their sinne! EVE. And out-face
Inſtice, they are the parties, Sir. Pov. Say nothing.

MER. Did you marke, Sir, vpon their comming in,
How he call'd Wittipol. EVE. And never saw 'hem.

Pov. I warrant you did I, let 'hem play a while.

FIT. Buz, buz, buz, buz. TAY. Lasse poore Gentleman!

How he is tortur'd! MRS. FIT. Fie, Master Fitz-dotrel!

What doe you meane to counterfeit thus? FIT. O, ô,

Shee comes with a needle, and thriffts it in,

Shee pulls out that, and shee puts in a pinne,

And now, and now, I doe not know how, nor where,

But shee pricks mee heere, and shee pricks me there: ôh, ôh:

Pov. Woman forbear. WIT. What, Sr? Pov. A practice soule
For one so faire: WIT. Hath this, then, credit with you?

MAN. Do you beleue in't? Pov. Gentlemen, I'll diſcharge
My conscience: 'Tis a cleare conspiracy!
A darke, and diuellish practice! I detest it!

He begins
his fit.

The Inſtice
interprets
all:

Wittipol,
and Manly,
and Mistr.
Fitz-dot-
rel owner.

His wife goes
to him.

WIT. The *Injustice* sure will proue the merrier man !

MAN. This is molt strange, Sir ! Pov. Come not to confront Authority with impudence : I tell you, I doe detest it. Here comes the Kings *Constable*, And with him a right worshipfull *Commoner*, My good friend, Master *Guilt-bead* ! I am g ad I can before such witnesses, professe My conscience, and my detestation of it. Horible ! most vnaturall ! Abominable !

*T*hey whisper
per him.

and give him
soape to wash
with.

EVE. You doe not tumble enough. MER. Wallow, gnash :

TAY. O, how he is vexed ! Pov. 'Tis too manifest.

EVE. Give him more soap to foame with, now lie still.

MER. And aet a little. TAY. What do's he now, s'r. Pov. Shew The taking of *Tabacco*, with which the *Diuell* Is so delighted. FIT. *Hum* ! Pov. And calls for *Hum*. You takers of strong *Waters*, and *Tabacco*, Marke this. FIT. *Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow*, &c.

Pov. That's *Starch* ! the *Diuell's* Idol of that colour. He ratifies it, with clapping of his hands.

The prooses are pregnant. GVI. How the *Diuel* can aet !

Pov. He is the *Master of Players* ! Master *Guilt-bead*, And *Poets*, too ! you heard him talke in rime ! I had forgot to obserue it to you, ere while !

TAY. See, he spits fire. Pov. O no, he plaies at *Figgum*, The *Diuell* is the *Author* of wicked *Figgum* —

MAN. Why speake you not vnto him ? WIT. If I had All innocence of man to be indanger'd, And he could sauе, or ruine it : I'd not breath A syllable in request, to such a foole, He makes him selfe. FIT. O they whisper, whisper, whisper. Wee shall haue more, of *Diuell's* a(score, To come to dinner, in mee the sinner.

EXT. Alas, poore Gentleman ! Pov. Put hem asunder. Keepe hem one from the other. MAN. Are you phrenticke, Sir, Or what graue dotage moues you, to take part VVith so much villany ? wee are not afraid Either of law, or triall ; let vs be Examind what our ends were, what the meanes ? To worke by ; and possibility of those meanes. Doe not conclude against vs, ere you heare vs.

Pov. I will not heare you, yet I will conclude Out of the circumstances. MAN. VVill you so, Sir ?

Pov. Yes, they are palpable. MAN. Not as your folly : Pov. I will discharge my conscience, and doe all To the *Meridian* of *Injustice*. GVI. You doe well, Sir.

FIT. Prouide mee to eat, three or fourre dishes o' good meat, I'll feast them, and their traines, a *Injustice* head and braines

Shall be the first. Pov. The Diuell loves not Justice,
There you may see. FIT. A spare-rib o' my wife,
And a whores purt' nance ! a Guilt-head whote.

Pov. Be not you troubled, Sir, the Diuell speaks it.

FIT. Yes, wis, Knight, shite, Poule, Ioule, owle, foule, troule, boule.

Pov. Crambe, another of the Diuell's games !

MER. Speake, Sir, some Greeke, if you can. Is not the Inſtice
A ſolemne gameſter ? EVE. Peace. FIT. Οἰουὶ, τερατίουν,

Καὶ τερατίουν, καὶ τεράτιον, καὶ τεράτιον;

Καὶ δοθεῖν, καὶ μυπάτιον. Pov. Hee curses

In Greeke, I thinke. EVE. Your Spanish, that I taught you.

FIT. Quebrémos el ojo de burlas, EVE. How? your reſt—
Let's breake his necke in iest, the Diuell ſaies,

FIT. Di grácia, Signor mio ſe haúte denári fataméne parte.

MER. What, would the Diuell borrow money ? FIT. Oy,

Oy Monsieur, un paunure Diable ! Diablet in !

Pov. It is the diuell, by his ſeverall languages. (ter ?

SHA. Where's Sr. Poule Ether-side ? Pov. Here, what's the mat-

SHA. O ! ſuch an accident falne out at Newgate, Sir :

A great piece of the prison is ſent downe !

The Diuell has beene there, Sir, in the body—

Of the young Cut-purſe, was hang'd out this morning,

But, in new clothes, Sir, every one of vs know him. (Sr.

These things were found in his pocket. AMB. Those are mine,

SHA. I thinke he was committed on your charge, Sir.

For a new felony AMB. Yes. SHA. Hee's gone, Sir, now,

And left vs the dead body. But withall, Sir,

Such an infernall ſtincke, and ſteame behinde,

You cannot ſee Sr. Pulchars Steeple, yet.

They ſmell't as farre as Ware, as the wind lies,

By this time, ſure. FIT. Is this vpon your credit, friend ?

SHA. Sir, you may ſee, and ſatisfie your ſelfe.

FIT. Nay, then, 'tis time to ſeave off counterfeiting.

Sir I am not bewitch'd, nor haue a Diuell :

No more then you. I doe defie him, I,

And did abuse you. These two Gentlemen

Put me vpon it. (I haue faith againſt him)

They taught me all my tricks. I will tell truth,

And ſhaime the Feind. See, here, Sir, are my bellowes,

And my faife belly, and my Mouſe, and all

That ſhould ha' come forth ? MAN. Sir, are not you aſham'd

Now of your ſolemne, ſerious vanity ?

Pov. I will make honorable amends to truth.

FIT. And ſo will I. But theſe are Coozeners, ſtill ;

And ha' my land, as plotters, with my wife :

Who, though ſhe be not a witch, is worse, a whore.

MAN. Sir, you belie her. She is chaste, and vertuous,

Enter the
Keeper of
New-gate.

Fitz-dot-
trel leaves
counterfei-
ting.

And

And we are honest. I doe know no glory
 A man shoulde hope, by venting his owne follyes,
 But you'll still be an *Asse*, in spight of prouidence.
 Please you goe in, Sir, and heare truths, then iudge 'hem :
 And make amends for your late rashnesse; when,
 You shall but heare the paines and care wastaken,
 To saue this foole from ruine (his *Grace of Drown'd-land*)

FIT. My land is drown'd indeed-- Pov. Peace. **M**AN. And how
 His modest and too worthy wife hath suffer'd (much
 By mis construction, from him, you will blush,
 First, for your owne beliefe, more for his actions !
 His land is his : and never, by my friend,
 Or by my selfe, meant to another vse,
 But for her succours, who hath equall right.
 If any other had worse counsells in't,
 (I know I speake to those can apprehend mee)
 Let 'hem repent 'hem, and be not detected.
 It is not manly to take ioy, or pride
 In humane errors (wee doe all ill things,
 They doe 'hem worst that loue 'hem, and dweell there,
 Till the plague comes) The few that haue the seeds
 Of goodnesse left, will sooner make their way
 To a true life, by shame, then punishment.

The End.

The Epilogue.

THUS, the Proiecter, here, is ouer-thrownne.
 But I haue now a Proiect of mine owne,
 If it may passe: that no man would invite
 The Poet from vs, to sup forth to night,
 If the play please. If it displeasent be,
 We doe presume, that no man will: nor wee.

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